

Leatherneck

FEB.

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c





Working party on barges alongside of transport

By James Wayne Seese

Now available -

A limited quantity of
prints by famous Marine Corps
Combat Artists.

These 12½" x 17" full-color
reproductions, in sets of
eight different pictures,
suitable for framing, may be obtained
by filling in and mailing
the coupon on the opposite page.



IN THIS ISSUE

ARTICLES

	PAGE
Artillery Report	7
Accidental Intermission	21
Demon II	24
What Makes A Mess	34
War Dogs	38
The Bridge To Elbowroom	44

POSTS OF THE CORPS

Little Creek	30
--------------------	----

SPORTS

1948 All-Marine Football Team	12
At Halftime	41

FICTION

The Wailing Wall	18
------------------------	----

DEPARTMENTS

Sound Off	1
Bulletin Board	5
We-The Marines	47
Know Your Leaders	52
Mail Call	58
Books Reviewed	62

THE LEATHERNECK, FEBRUARY, 1949

VOLUME XXXII, NUMBER 2

Published monthly and copyright, 1949, by The Leatherneck Association, Inc., Headquarters Marine Corps, P. O. Box 1918, Washington, D. C. All rights reserved. Stories, features, pictures and other material from THE LEATHERNECK may be reproduced if they are not restricted by law or military regulations, provided proper credit is given and specific prior permission has been granted for each item to be reproduced. Entered as second class matter at the post office at Washington, D. C. Additional entry at Silver Spring, Md. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1130, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Price \$2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application to national advertising representative: Woolf and Elosan, Inc., Washington, D. C. The opinions of authors whose articles appear in THE LEATHERNECK do not necessarily express the attitude of the Navy Department or of Marine Corps Headquarters. EDITOR AND PUBLISHER: Major James A. Donovan, Jr.; GENERAL MANAGER: Captain James F. McInteer, Jr.; MANAGING EDITOR: Karl Schuon; PRODUCTION EDITOR: Robert N. Davis; PHOTOGRAPHIC DIRECTOR: Louis Lowery; SPORTS EDITOR: Sgt. Spencer Gartz; ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: Sgt. Nolle T. Roberts; ART DIRECTOR: Sgt. John DeGrasse; ASST. ART DIRECTORS: Sgts. Charles P. Graves and Paul Hartle; BUSINESS MANAGER: Lieutenant William F. Koehnlein; ASSISTANT EDITOR: Sgt. Harry Polete; STAFF WRITERS: Sgts. Lindley Allen and Edward J. Evans; Corp. William Milhon and PFC Billie Dodson.

SOUND OFF

Edited by

Sgt. Harry Polete

MARINE CORPS BREVET MEDAL

Sirs:

Another Marine and I are having a dispute concerning the Marine Corps Brevet Medal, and would like answers to the following questions:

(1) What are the requirements for the awarding of the Marine Corps Brevet Medal (or commission)?

(2) Were there any such awards given during World War II?

(3) Does Brigadier General C. F. Shilt hold such an award?

Five bucks is on your answer.

R. H. Anderson

Visalia, Calif.

● (1) This Medal was awarded to the holder of a commission issued by the President of the United States and conferred by the Senate for distinguished service in the presence of an enemy. It ranked immediately after the Medal of Honor.

(2) No. The Brevet Medal was issued for services during the Mexican War, Civil War, Spanish American War, Philippine Insurrection and the Boxer Rebellion. The Boxer Rebellion took place in 1900 and was the last action for which this medal was awarded.

(3) No. Brig. Gen. Christian Shilt does not hold the Brevet Medal. He holds the Congressional Medal of Honor for outstanding services in Nicaragua in 1928.—Ed.

TURN PAGE

Leatherneck Magazine
P. O. Box 1918
Washington, D. C.

Please send _____ sets of full-color
prints at \$2.00 per set to:

Name _____

Street & No. _____

City, Zone & State _____

I am enclosing \$ _____

*Her eyes seldom stray
from the man with P.A.**



● The ladies have a way of paying special attention to the man who smokes a pipe. And when you add Prince Albert to that pipe of yours—man, you've connected with real smoking joy and comfort.

P.A. means Pipe Appeal
P.A. means Prince Albert*

● When you buy that familiar red pocket tin of P.A., you've got the National Joy Smoke—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco. Choice, crimp cut tobacco specially treated to insure against tongue bite. It's a great day when you light up P.A.!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

*"P.A. IS CRIMP CUT. PACKS
DOWN PERFECTLY AND
SMOKES COOL AND EVEN!"*

The National Joy Smoke



SOUND OFF (cont.)

AN OLD TIMER

Sirs:

As a so-called "old timer," having served in the First Marine Division from February, 1939, to February, 1945, I would like to make several remarks concerning Reed C. Waldron's letter in the November Sound Off Column. (Waldron's letter expressed the opinion that rates were being passed out too freely in the Marine Corps.—Ed.)

I agree with you Mr. Editor. Sometimes rates are given to undeserving individuals, but d—ed seldom. Did Mr. Waldron ever go through the three months boot camp in the Marine Corps? If so, I can't possibly see how he, or anyone else, can say a man doesn't rate a stripe after boot camp.

As for myself. I am not a dummy either, but it still took me two years to obtain the rank of PFC, and three years later—after Guadalcanal, etc., I made corporal.

During this process of time I watched many Marines receive ratings in much less time than it took me, and others like me, but did we gripe—NO! Personally, I enjoyed seeing a man get ahead. . . .

Ex. Corp. James N. Bryant
Newport, Ky.



RIFLES ASKEW

Sirs:

Tonight while reading my November issue of *Leatherneck*, I noticed a picture of Marines landing on a beach (page 7, the story—"Platoon Leader's Class"—Ed.) It came to my attention that this negative had been printed backwards. The muzzles of the rifles the Marines are carrying are toward their right, and should be toward their left. If this picture wasn't printed backwards I would like to see them bring their rifles up to fire in a hurry without getting tangled up. Try it, it really would be funny.

Joseph N. Bavaro
Bellevue, N. J.

● You are correct, the picture was printed in reverse intentionally, to fit the layout of the page. You are a very observing person, since you seem to have been the only reader who noticed it.—Ed.

FIRST DIVVY SONG

Sirs:

While I was serving with the First Marine Division on Okinawa the boys had a song about the outfit; I would like to get a copy of it. I only remember a few of the words that go something like this: "Get your gear on boys we're moving out again; just remember to keep that five pace interval." Can you help me to secure a copy?

Robert A. Bader

St. Louis, Mo.

● We do not have this song in our files, and most of the former First Division men we queried remembered hearing the song at one time or another, but no one has a copy of the words. If any of our readers can provide the words we will publish them.—Ed.

FROM A ROYAL MARINE

Sirs:

My address may seem strange to you, so I had better explain that I am a former "Royal Marine" (16 years service). I first met "Leatherneck" in Shanghai in 1939 while visiting at the USMC Barracks there, and still enjoy reading it.

I would like to hear from any of the USMC detachment of the USS *Providence* (1945-46), Sgt. Reddish, P1Sgt. C. C. Reynolds and MSgt. Reynolds, in particular. Would appreciate correspondence with any of the men who formed the tug-o-war team from the *Providence*—on very short notice—against the Marines off the HMS *Liverpool*. The match took place on the jetty at Palermo in 1945.

The same men were good companions at the "82" Club in Naples.

L. Ryan

Johannesburg, South Africa.

● Mr. Ryan's address is 201 Manlin House, Harrison St., Johannesburg, South Africa.—Ed.

NO SHORT TIMERS

Sirs:

Are you required to have a full four-year cruise in the Marines Corps to rate a hashmark? Can you wear one with three years and nine months? And, does M-1, .30 caliber ammunition fit in a .30-40 Krag-Jorgensen bolt action rifle? I mean, is it possible to fire this ammunition in that rifle?

Sgt. N. Carnes

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● In regard to your first question: no, there are no "short-time" hashmarks; four full years are required to qualify for one.

No. The .30-40 Krag-Jorgensen is a long blunt nosed rim-cartridge, the M-1 is sharp-nosed and rimless. Roughly the diameter of the case is the same, but the ammunition is definitely not interchangeable.—Ed.

EAGLES

Sirs:

Before a couple of us people blow a stack, how about squaring us, or rather my bunkie, away about the eagle insignia worn by Army and Marine colonels and Navy captains. What we are most interested in is what does the eagle have in each foot, and which way do the heads point on the eagle?

Maurice Monmouth

Kansas City, Mo.

● The right talons of the eagle grasp an olive branch; the left talons hold a bundle of arrows. The insignia are made in pairs, and the head of the eagle is reversed for left and right. The eagle faces the wearer.—Ed.

JAP 7.7-mm. AMMO.

Sirs:

How can I get some Japanese Arisaka (7.7-mm.) ammunition? Is there any place in the Pacific area where I can get empty shell cases? I realize live ammo cannot be shipped, but why couldn't I get some empty cartridge cases from one of the Pacific Islands, where I know there are tons of them, and have them re-filled here.

C. C. Rhodes

San Antonio, Tex.

● Any empty cartridge cases that may be lying around in the Pacific by this time certainly would be in no condition to use. About the only source of supply open to you would be various ammunition specialty houses scattered throughout the nation. You can find their advertisements in *The American Rifleman* and various sporting magazines. The cost of this ammunition is very high.—Ed.

GUMBEATERS CERTIFICATE

Sirs:

Recently I saw a "Diploma from the Society of Gum Beaters" which appeared in *Leatherneck* around February or March, 1946. I am most anxious to secure a copy of this particular issue from you.

Sara C. McNeese

Athens, Ga.

● Sorry, we are unable to furnish you with a copy of the August, 1945 issue in which the "Diploma from the Society of Gum Beaters" appeared. This was a very popular item and our stock of this particular issue has become depleted. Plans are under consideration at this time to revive many of these popular drawings from former issues of *Leatherneck*.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

"Movie star? Nah! Just a doll protecting her eyes against the wolves' DYANSHINE'D shoes."



CLICK WITH
THE SLICK CHICKS

KEEP SHOES SPARKLING WITH

DYANSHINE
Liquid Shoe Polish

Put Liquid Dyanshine on sparingly, then brush or rub with a cloth and watch your shoes come to life on the double. Liquid Dyanshine covers better because it adds color to scuffs and scratches to give a smooth, even polish. Dyanshine keeps shoes pliable and comfortable ... replaces normal leather oils that dry out in sun and dust. Costs only 1/2 cent a shine, and the shine lasts longer. Follow Dyanshine directions to make it go farther.

Barton Mfg. Co.
St. Louis 15, Mo.



DYANSHINE PASTE POLISH

in the same fine quality as Liquid Dyanshine. Available in Military Brown, Russet Tan, Oxbleed and Black.



From the Halls of Montezuma
to the shores of Tripoli
We fight our Country's battles
in the air, on **LAND**, and sea
First to fight for right and freedom
and to keep our honor clean
We are proud to claim the title of



UNITED STATES MARINES

BULLETIN BOARD

GUIDED MISSILES SCHOOL

INTENSIVE schooling is being given to selected officers and enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps, in the intricacies of guided missiles. Principal instruction is being carried on at the Applied Physics Laboratory, John Hopkins University, in Silver Spring, Md.

This instruction is held under the surveillance of civilian scientists and technicians. Marines and sailors are being prepared for the day when this new weapon will be operationally ready for combat. The on-the-job-training program presently in effect was begun in 1946. It provides trainees with instruction in jet propulsion, guidance, telemetering and test range instrumentation. In addition, the men learn pre-flight testing, launching and control of missiles in flight. The first class is still in training.

Personnel who graduate from this school may be eligible for guided missile rates which are now under consideration. The few men who are selected for this training must have a good technical background in electronics, fire control, ordnance, or mechanics. High marks are required in General Classification Tests (GCT) and Mechanical Aptitude Tests (MAT). Officers must have had training and experience in engineering, physics, chemistry, metallurgy or aerodynamics.

Other naval ordnance stations also participating in this program are the Naval Ordnance Test Station, Inyokern, Calif., Naval Aviation Ordnance Test Station, Chincoteague, Va., and the Naval Units at White Sands, New Mexico.

RESERVES ELIGIBLE FOR TRAINING CRUISE

MARINE Corps Reserves are authorized to take week-end training cruises on ships assigned to naval districts for Naval Reserve training. The number of personnel for the cruises will be determined by agreements between the district director of the Marine Corps Reserve and the Commandant of the Naval district.

New WR Leader

ON November 4, 1948, Colonel Katherine A. Towles officially became "Director of Women Marines." Col. Towles will also assume the duties of Officer in Charge of the Women's Reserve program in the Division of Women Reserve. Before re-entering the Marine Corps, Col. Towles served as Assistant Dean of Women at the University of California. Also sworn in were Major Julia E. Hamblet and 1st. Lieutenant Mary J. Hale. A number of other women have been selected for regular commissions. These appointments will be made during 1949.

STATISTICS ON ACTIVE AND INACTIVE FLEET

TODAY the Navy's active fleet of major combat ships numbers 293. This figure is 52 less than before Pearl Harbor and 878 fewer than on V-J Day. While the total figure of active vessels is smaller than pre-Pearl Harbor, the present over-all total of active and reserve ships of all types is greater than at any time before or during the war. Latest totals show 2646 ships on the Navy's rolls. Before the war, the Navy had 345 major combat vessels on active duty. By the end of World War II, 1171 ships were operating in the fleets. Today, 293 fighting vessels are augmented by 483 ships of other types, boosting the number of active ships to 776.

BULLETIN BOARD

FIFTH DIVISION ASSOCIATION

On October 22, 1948, the Fifth Marines Division Association was formed in Washington, D. C. Lieutenant General Keller E. Rockey, USMC, was elected president, Colonel James F. Shaw, Jr., USMC, became Secretary and Treasurer. September, 1949, has been set for a convention to be held in the Northeastern sector of the United States.

Anyone who served with the Fifth Marine Corps Division and is either still in the Marines on active duty or has been honorably discharged is eligible to join the association. The membership fee is \$1.00 per year.

All eligible personnel who desire to join the association should send their fee to the Secretary and Treasurer, Fifth Marine Division Association, Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., and designate their choice of a location for the convention.

FIRST PAY GRADE BILLETS OPEN

THE recent reduction of 397 aviation master sergeants has made it possible for Marine Corps Headquarters to authorize a large scale promotion of enlisted personnel to the first pay grade. This is the first time first pay grade rates have been issued since the end of World War II. In addition to 197 promotions authorized in functional fields other than aviation, commanding officers have been instructed to recommend 760 men for promotion to the second pay grade and 2272 for promotion to the third pay grade.

ACTIVE DUTY RESERVISTS

According to a recently established policy of the Commandant, the normal tour of duty for Continuous Active Duty Reserve personnel will be three years. The directive calls for a definite policy in regard to officer and enlisted personnel currently serving on continuous active duty.

However, this does not mean that Reservists currently serving on active duty will be relieved upon completion of their three-year tours. Due consideration will be given to any application for retention on active duty, according to the contingent needs of the service, budgetary limitations, and the particular qualifications and desires of the applicant.

Reservists currently serving on continuous active duty are considered to be serving a normal three-year tour of duty from the date of their current assignment to CAD unless a specific request for extension of tour of duty has been approved by the cognizant Reserve District Director or COMMART for enlisted personnel, and the Director, Marine Corps Reserve or Director, Division of Aviation for officers.

Extensions may be authorized upon

application in writing, in unlimited numbers, to any tour of continuous active duty, under the above mentioned conditions. Each extension will be normally for a period of three years, but when desired by the Marine Corps and agreeable to the Reservists concerned, an extension may be for any predetermined length of time, not exceeding five years.

(These billets are chargeable to Reserve funds and while their continuance appears likely beyond July 1, 1949, such continuance will depend entirely upon appropriations.—Ed)

Arrangements for an extension will normally be completed approximately six months prior to the termination date of the current tour of duty, in order that the Reservists may have adequate time in which to prepare for their return to civil life in case no extension is granted.

Continuous active duty assignments will always be subject to the following conditions:

(1) Maintenance on the part of the individual of the required standards of conduct and performance of duty.

(2) Maintenance on the part of the individual of the required mental, moral,

and professional qualifications.

(3) Budgetary considerations and the needs of the service.

Each report of fitness of a Reservist serving on CAD will contain a recommendation stating whether or not his tour of duty should be extended beyond the current termination date.

When a tour of CAD is terminated prior to a planned date, due to any of the conditions already stated, all practicable advance notice will be furnished the Reservists concerned.

No Reservist serving on CAD will be relieved for the sole purpose of effecting exact conformation to the rank authorized for the billet to which he is assigned. A staff sergeant will not be relieved merely because he happens to be filling a billet that calls for the rank not to exceed sergeant.

Officers and enlisted personnel assigned to CAD are entitled to the same leave, pay and allowances as those of the Regular Marine Corps.

At the present time there are authorized billets for 86 officers and 375 enlisted men in the Ground Reserve program, all of which are filled or are in the process of being filled.

A RTILLERY REPORT

by Sgt. Edward Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer



A crack Marine 90-mm. anti-aircraft gun crew on Guam keeps in firing trim

THE discovery of gunpowder has been credited to the ancient Chinese but it is believed that they never found a more deadly use for the explosive mixture than as an ingredient in celebration firecrackers. However, in the year 673 it assumed its role in warfare when it was used for the destruction of enemy ships. But it remained for a scientifically minded monk named Roger Bacon to discover the full import of explosives in the year 1249. Mankind has been blasting itself into the air—and out of it—ever since.

Bacon's experiments whetted the imaginations of Europe's warriors and little time was lost before they discov-

ered the advantage of using explosives as a propelling charge rather than as demolitions. Simple pots or tubes served as the first mortar and cannon to project an iron or stone ball.

The smooth-bore era, from the early 14th-Century until 1845, is notable for lack of advancement in gunnery through five centuries of warfare. The difficulty of making sound gun castings held the cannon of this period down to a small size. Early casting was done predominantly in brass or copper; eventually wrought iron was used. These were constructed by the unwieldy and unsafe method of beating or welding iron rods together lengthwise and binding them with iron bands.

This similarity to barrel construction gave us the present name for the tube. These cannon were used in sizes large enough to fire balls as heavy as 700 pounds—occasionally with disastrous results for the crew.

Another development of this period which presaged modern construction was the breech-loading gun consisting of a detachable breech, either threaded onto the barrel or held in place by a wedge-shaped housing.

Cast bronze guns came into use about the end of the 15th Century. These were elaborate and artistic in workmanship and decoration, but remained comparatively low in power. In the 17th Century, muzzle-loading cast iron

guns came into general use on ship and shore and were employed until the method of boring a solid casting was developed. This innovation resulted in greater uniformity than had previously been possible with a hollow casting.

Hollow shot filled with explosive or incendiary substance had been used in mortars from the middle of the 15th Century, but when explosive shells for cannon made their appearance toward the end of the 19th Century, it meant the last days for wooden ships and frame fortifications.

From 1845 to 1885 a foundation was laid for the many great strides in the manufacture of ordnance which were in the offing. In these years the method of "building up" a gun by a process of shrinking successive tubes over the barrel became practical. With the change in projectile from round shot to oblong shell, and the perfection of rifling, greater range and accuracy were obtained from a reduced charge. The great success of musket rifling had led the way to application of the theory in heavy ordnance.

The development of "building up" a gun barrel occurred in many countries about the same period. Some of the processes used a cast iron tube as the primary barrel with successive layers built up by wrought-welding iron bars, either straight or coiled, around the barrel. These were encased by an outer tube which had been enlarged by heating and allowed to shrink over the whole in cooling.

Breech loading came back into usage with the advent of the Armstrong gun in 1855. This revolutionary gun had a forged steel screw breech block and

The ground forces' long arm strikes the enemy from afar

rifled barrel, but due to structural defects this gun was replaced for a time in the British fleet by muzzle loading rifled guns. Old smooth-bores were modernized by overboring the barrel and inserting a rifled steel barrel. In the same period Krupp arms of Germany produced a breech-loading gun of finer steel construction and greater safety in operation.

During this development in breech mechanisms and rifling it became necessary to similarly improve a recoil system. With the new gun power the old systems of surface friction, skids, inclined planes or rope breechings were unsuitable. The "compressor" which now replaced these consisted of friction plates being set up or released as necessary for firing or running out. Recoil cylinders designed as a piston to absorb the shock in fluid were mounted on the guns. These cylinders could be adjusted for the amount of recoil pressure by the regulation of oil flow through the piston head.

The present period of modern ordnance began in 1885 with the advent of cordite and other smokeless, high pressure powders which produced greater

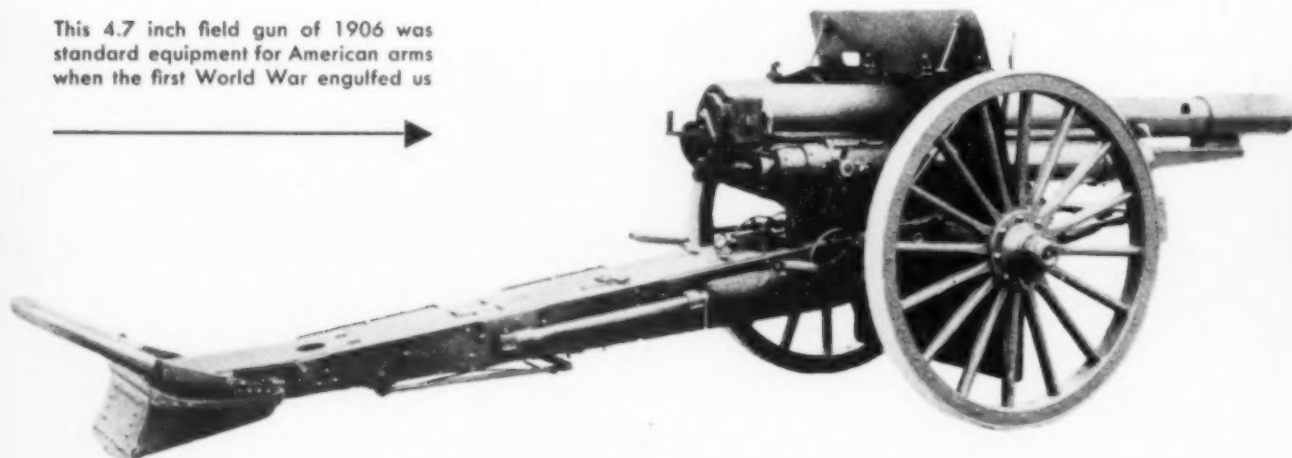
velocity and permitted the use of smaller charges. By 1890 nitro-cellulose and nitro-glycerine had replaced gun powder in the ordnance of all first class powers.

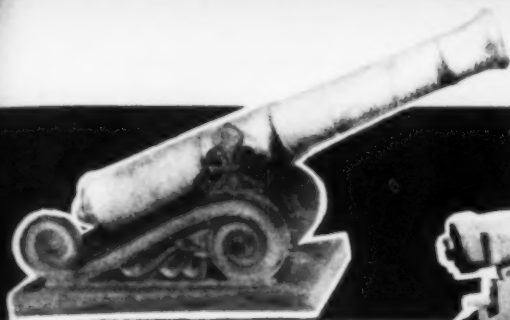
Heavy artillery of the present day has been divided into two basic groups as far as loading is concerned. Quick-firing guns are distinguished from breech-loading guns by the method of sealing the gasses in the chamber. This obturation, or sealing, is achieved in the quick-firing gun by the use of a metal cartridge case containing the propellant. These cartridges are further broken down into "fixed" and "separate" depending upon whether the projectile is attached or detached. This type of weapon is also called a "case gun" in the United States.

Breech-loading guns, also known as "bag-guns," load the projectile separately with the charge contained in fast burning cloth bags. Pressure sealing is accomplished by a heavy pad or ring which expands against the breech and bore upon discharge.

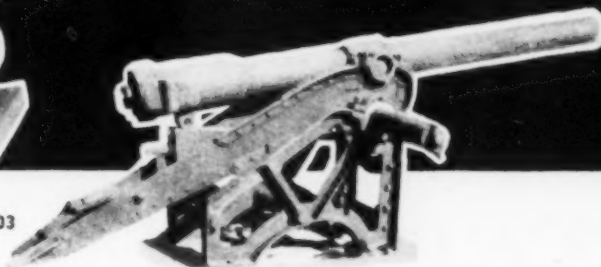
During the 20th Century, greater attention has been focused upon interior design as well as on the structure. To

This 4.7 inch field gun of 1906 was standard equipment for American arms when the first World War engulfed us

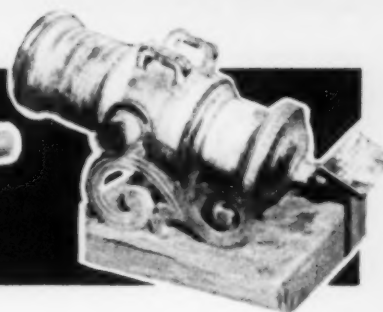




SPANISH RIFLED CANNON, 1803



WHITWORTH BREECH GUN, 1860



BRITISH HOWITZER OF 1777

improve ballistics and achieve greater accuracy and efficiency, the nature and form of rifling, size and form of the chamber, and the weight and size of propellants have predominated in research and experiment.

The four important general characteristics of a good gun are: high muzzle velocity, accuracy, long life, and speed of fire.

High muzzle velocity depends upon pressure developed during the projectile's passage down the bore, the distance through which this pressure acts, and frictional resistance encountered by the projectile. Limitations are decided by the strength of the steel from which the gun is constructed and the pressure

to be withstood by the weakest shell fired. In modern guns this pressure rarely exceeded 22 tons per square inch. Limitations are imposed on the length of the gun by the circumstances of its use, such as type of mount or carriage, center of gravity or amount of gravitational droop permissible in the unsupported barrel of the gun.

Accuracy depends upon the uniformity of pressure and friction in successive rounds and on stiffness of gun structure. Both pressure and friction are affected by wear in the chamber and bore, cutting down on efficiency of projectile seating and resistance to the driving band.

Long life depends upon a slow rate

of erosion in relation to the number of rounds fired. The average working life of a barrel is about 300 rounds before it is necessary to rebores or reline. Erosion is caused by friction at the start of the rifling, wearing away of the surface of the bore, and by the high temperature and velocity of the bases.

Rapidity of fire depends upon the efficiency of the breech and recoil mechanisms which must permit rapid return to position on firing, clear the bore of residue and reload. Guns must be kept as cool as possible during rapid fire to prevent the charge from "cooking off" or becoming ignited by smoldering particles.

TURN PAGE



Marines found this "Long Tom" 155-mm. M1 rifle to be a big improvement over the 1917 French models used when

World War II began. The new 155s shown above played a strong part in Corps artillery actions of the closing campaigns

All artillery consists of a basic structure and a superstructure. The basic structure provides the support or mount, and the superstructure includes the necessary equipment for traverse, elevation and recoil, and the sights. The two components of the superstructure are the carriage body and cradle. The attachment of the carriage body to the basic structure permits the top assembly to pivot on a horizontal plane to the right or left, and prevents the gun from lifting when it is fired.

The cradle, housing the recoil system, supports the gun on slides so that it can move to the rear and return to firing position under the control of the recoil system. The cradle is mounted with trunnions and bearing on the carriage body, forming a horizontal axis about which the cradle and gun are elevated.

A recoil system serves several purposes; it absorbs shock, acts as a brake in recoil, and returns the gun to firing position by means of the "recuperator". Air or springs are compressed in the recuperator during recoil and the expansion of the air, oil, or spring under pressure carries the gun back to firing position after the recoil.

Many different recoil systems are used on modern guns. The chief merit of the spring recuperator lies in simplicity, but its great length prohibits its use on modern guns unless a telescopic system is used. Spring recuperators are used mainly on antiaircraft guns, light

coast artillery and tank ordnance. Pneumatic recuperators have several disadvantages—the difficulty of preventing the escape of air at high compression and the small amount of moisture, always present in the air, which causes rust and corrosion. As an alternate a high grade of mineral oil is now used either in a combination hydro-pneumatic system or, most commonly used, a strictly hydraulic recoil system.

In mobile guns the carriage is usually a two-wheeled vehicle forming the traveling and firing support of the gun. Basic elements of the carriage are the trail, axletree, and wheels. For firing, the end of the trail, usually spaded, rests on the ground and at the first round beds itself firmly and prevents the gun from recoiling on the wheels, common fault in earlier types of artillery.

For movement, the trail is attached to the truck, or prime mover which usually carries the ammunition supply. In the early days of horse-drawn artillery the trail was attached to a limber or caisson containing the ammunition. The two attached units formed a four-wheeled vehicle.

Semi-mobile artillery designates a type of gun which has little tactical mobility because of size and weight. Mode of movement divides this group into road or rail pieces. They travel on more than two pairs of wheels and do not normally fire from the wheels, but must be dismounted and remounted at each change of position. Their basic

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

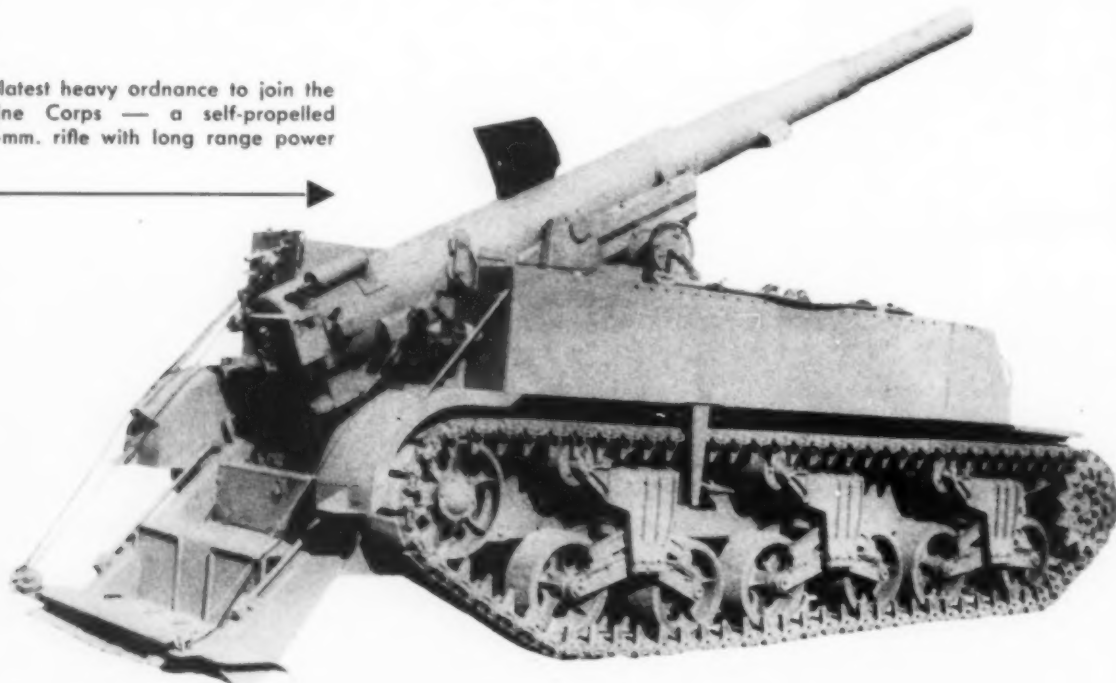
THE 155-mm. Howitzer M1 shown on the cover was used effectively by Marines during the last war. Each Marine division, at war strength, has 18 of these fine artillery pieces. Lou Lowery made the photograph of the men from Easy Battery of BLT 22 during recent firing practice.

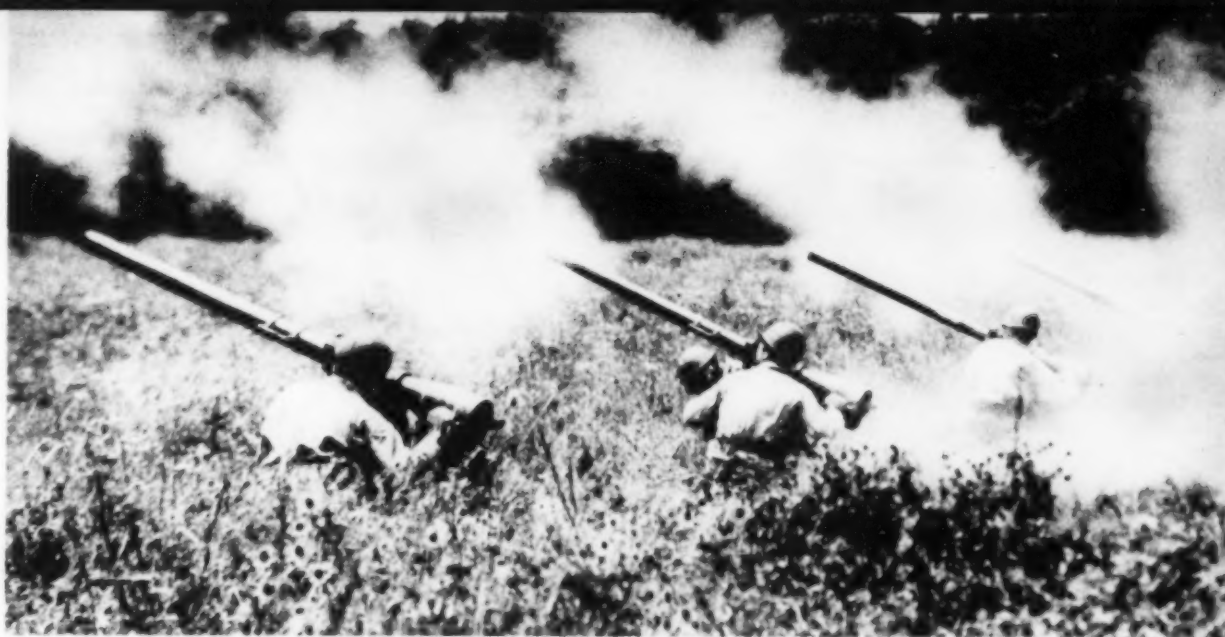
structure consists of a platform and firing bed which must be securely anchored or ballasted for solidity in firing. Lifting jacks and screws are used to facilitate dismounting and mounting. Certain types of railway guns, however, can be fired from their wheels, others must be lowered to the track and braced.

Fixed mount guns are permanently emplaced to protect sea coast, harbors, or naval bases from enemy ships or aircraft. The base is usually of concrete and the gun is allowed full circle traverse. Guns are usually of large sizes and use power for elevating and traversing movement.

Anti-aircraft mounts may be any of the three types previously described. Their primary requirements are; full circle traverse, elevation to 80 degrees, rapid sighting-in action, all-angle

The latest heavy ordnance to join the Marine Corps — a self-propelled 155-mm. rifle with long range power





Troops demonstrate fire of the M20 75-mm. recoilless rifle, a new page in the story of additional artillery power put

into the hands of the infantry. Some of these saw action before the end of the war. They are still being improved

loading, and short recoil. A great degree of lateral stability is required and provided for by long transverse baulks. Anti-aircraft guns are fitted with semi-automatic or full automatic breech mechanisms. They are longer and develop higher muzzle velocity than field guns.

Present day artillery has reached a high peak of efficiency and tactical versatility. The mission of field artillery is to render close and continuous support to infantry and armored units by neutralizing and destructive fire. It is a supporting arm and contributes to the action of the force by counterbattery action and paralyzing fire into rear areas. High trajectory, heavy caliber howitzers have almost replaced the low caliber, flat trajectory field guns and the light and medium guns of the field artillery. The 105-mm. and 155-mm. guns are now the standard general purpose weapon with the 75-mm. pack howitzer for special purpose use.

In the heavy artillery bracket the 240-mm. and eight inch guns are the "big shots". Mode of transportation is changing, too, with towed guns rapidly giving way to self-propelled. New methods of air transportation have made even the 105-mm. howitzer parachutable.

During War II, anti-aircraft artillery took great strides in shaking off the dust of obsolescence. At the time of American entry into the war we were far behind our British allies who had been learning and developing the hard way. They had begun the development of anti-aircraft fire-control radar, but

after we had joined the research on the subject we began to outstrip them in developments. The landings on Normandy and Okinawa saw the American forces with the finest air defense. Guns ranged from multiple 20-mm. and 40-mm. mounts to the dual-purpose 90-mm., 105-mm. and 120-mm. guns. The innovation of the variable-time fuze made them even more deadly than these high velocity weapons had been in the past.

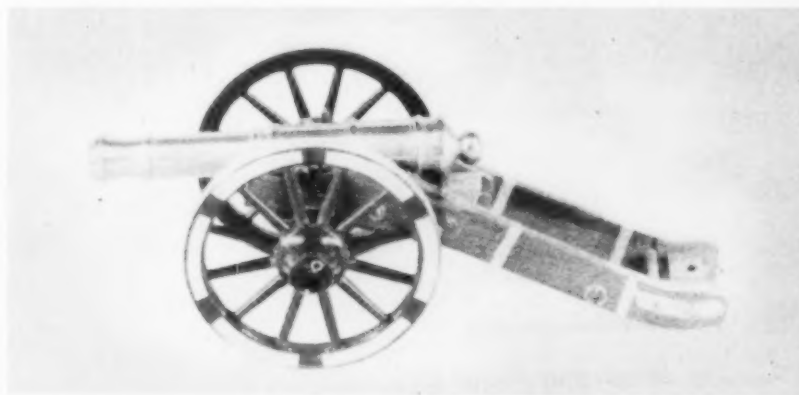
The United States Army has, since the war, taken steps to integrate all artillery; field, anti-aircraft, and sea-coast, into one branch with the addition of a highly intensified program for guided missile development.

Rockets and guided missiles offer the

greatest opportunities for potent advancements in the artillery of tomorrow. Free rockets probably will be limited to field artillery, but guided missiles will be applicable to all branches; they may eventually replace all types of existing artillery. While recoilless guns have not yet been able to compete with standard artillery, they have possibilities which are being fully investigated.

Regardless of the developments of the next few years, any future war will still find the assault carried to the enemy by the age-old infantry-artillery-armor team of the past. On the field of battle fire power followed by occupation by foot troops will remain a decisive factor.

END



Model by the author of 8-pounder field piece used in American Revolution by both armies. Designed by ordnance master to Duke of Gloucester, 1687

LEATHERNECK'S FOOTBALL

by Sgts. Spencer D. Gartz
and Lindley S. Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writers

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTOS

VOLNEY R. "SKEETER" QUINLAN
San Diego's high scoring back



NEXT MONTH

THE story on the All-Navy Football Championship game between Quantico and MCRD-San Diego will be carried in the March issue of Leatherneck, along with the results of Quantico's post-season game with Fort Bragg (82nd Airborne Infantry).

GENE MOORE
San Diego's blocker deluxe

1948 ALL-MARINE TEAM

TOM DAWSON

Camp Lejeune's top wingman

RUDY FLORES

Operates Quantico's "T"

BILL JESSE

Quantico's great defense man

TURN PAGE 13

LEATHERNECK'S 1948 ALL-MARINE FOOTBALL TEAMS

First Team

END	Ernest C. Hargett, Quantico	6' 2"	185 lb.
TACKLE....	Robert W. Fierke, Camp Pendleton	6'	190 lb.
GUARD.....	William H. Butler, San Diego-MCRD	5' 9"	185 lb.
CENTER....	William L. Jesse, Quantico	6'	190 lb.
GUARD.....	William H. Eysenbach, Parris Island-MCRD	6' 1"	206 lb.
TACKLE....	Charles W. Abrahams, Quantico	6' 3"	212 lb.
END	Thomas E. Dawson, Camp Lejeune	6'	185 lb.
BACK.....	Jesus R. Flores, Quantico	5' 11"	165 lb.
BACK.....	Volney R. Quinlan, San Diego-MCRD	6'	170 lb.
BACK.....	Joseph S. Bartos, Jr., Quantico	6' 2"	210 lb.
BACK.....	Eugene W. Moore, San Diego-MCRD	5' 11"	180 lb.

Second Team

END	Robert Richter, El Toro	6' 3"	210 lb.
TACKLE....	Robert T. Prather, Quantico	6' 4"	271 lb.
GUARD.....	John O. Gregerson, San Diego-MCRD	5' 10"	175 lb.
CENTER....	Donald W. Gray, Camp Pendleton	6'	205 lb.
GUARD.....	James B. Wimberg, Quantico	5' 11"	205 lb.
TACKLE....	Umberto Gigli, Jr., Camp Lejeune	6' 3"	225 lb.
END	William E. Marker, Camp Pendleton	6' 2"	185 lb.
BACK.....	Robert R. Picton, Jr., Parris Island-MCRD	5' 11"	174 lb.
BACK.....	Claude M. Hipps, Camp Lejeune	6' 1"	183 lb.
BACK.....	Richard T. Ambrogi, Quantico	5' 10"	168 lb.
BACK.....	Joseph G. Sabol, Camp Pendleton	5' 11"	170 lb.

IN the October issue of *Leatherneck*, we predicted, with tongue in cheek, that the Marine Corps would have a successful football season in 1948. With seven teams operating in the All-Navy football program, four on the East Coast and three out West in California's golden climate, the Corps managed to come through with a banner year. It couldn't have been more perfect; two of the seven elevens went through their seasons undefeated and met on Foreman Field, Norfolk, Virginia, for the All-Navy championship. Quantico won the grand finale contest defeating MCRD-San Diego, 21-0.

The Marine Corps Recruit Depot, San Diego ran up nine consecutive victories, scoring 221 points to their opponents 30, to cinch the West Coast crown and the right to play for the big All-Navy plum. Add to this record the six consecutive wins they rolled up in closing out their 1947 season and you have 15 straight wins, the longest string ever compiled by a San Diego Marine eleven.

The defending champions out of Quantico rolled on in '48 as they did in '47, piling up 13 straight wins and rolling up 419 points to their opponents 56. Add to this fine record the 12 consecutive wins of their 1947 season and you have 25 straight wins, the longest win-stretch ever achieved by any Marine team.

Contrary to Pvt. Average-fan's viewpoint, these two fine records did not make the selection of *Leatherneck's* annual All-Marine team any easier. The other five Devil dog elevens had fairly good season records, and had some mighty fine players beating out their brains and brawn trying to win for their respective clubs.

Four of last year's first stringers on our mythical team were back in action and again gave top performances. In addition, four players who were selected for second team honors were also showing workmanlike jobs that couldn't be overlooked.

After huddling for a week with our own records, reports from other ob-

servers, statistics and barometric readings that go along with the selection of such an all-star setup, we came up with the following 1948 All-Marine Football Team.

ENDS: Ernie Hargett of Quantico and Tom Dawson of Camp Lejeune were picked as the finest, and the swaying point was their fine defensive work. Their offensive play left little to be desired; both were excellent pass receivers and while other ends on their respective teams caught more TD passes, it was the outstanding wing work of Ernie and Tom between the goal lines that set up the open gate for others to score when down in pay dirt territory. Both had that knack, missing in many present day ends, of being able to "turn in" those tough end plays.

Close behind them were Bill Marker of Camp Pendleton and Bob Richter of El Toro. Marker became Pendleton's high scorer when he latched onto six TD passes. Richter, playing with an injury-riddled and below par El Toro eleven, was the most outstanding



CHUCK ABRAHAMS

"Savvy" tackle from Quantico

BILL EYSENBACH

Steady guard of old Parris Island

ERNIE HARGETT

Quantico's service end of the year

throughout-the-season lineman in the "Bull's" line-up.

TACKLES: Chuck Abrahams of Quantico and fiery Bob Fierke of Camp Pendleton got first call at the rough tackle posts. Abrahams, who learned his football at little Simpson College out in Iowa, and veteran of the '46-'47 El Toro teams, is the quiet workman that all line observers enjoy watching. Unlike the so-called "sensational" tackle that always winds up on the pile after a play has gone through for five or six yards, Chuck "fits his battle" up on the line and in the opponents backfield. Abrahams is also called upon to place kick and kick off, and has chalked up 16 points this season via the conversion route.

Bob Fierke is somewhat the same type. Built more like an end, this 190 pounder played on the strong side of Pendleton's line. He was at his best when the going was roughest and oft-times was called upon to play 60 minutes. Young, and limited to high school football at Chicago's Parker High, he

was almost cut from the squad last Spring. Coach Jim Breen gave him another chance and when the season opened he was holding down the number one spot. At the end of the season Coach Breen, as well as other Coast observers, called him the "best service tackle they had seen all year." He goes to Purdue University next year and should be welcomed by Stu Holcomb.

Bob "Tiny" Prather, 271 pound Quantico tackle and Umberto Gigli, Jr., 215 lbs., out of Camp Lejeune, were close up for first choice. Both were outstanding players and always gave good accounts of themselves. Neither has reached his peak yet; when they do, stand by for a ram. One of the finest prospects seen all year was Don Boll, a young 242 pound giant, of Quantico. He went out in mid-season with a broken ankle; that unfortunate accident caused him to miss out in the selections.

GUARDS: The sentry posts go to the two Bills, Butler of San Diego and

Eysenbach of Parris Island. The season was only a couple of games old when reports began coming in of "that rugged little guy with 'Diego.'" Aptly nicknamed by his teammates, "Smedley," Butler is a lineman's lineman. Weighing only 185 pounds he fitted in perfectly with Coach "Bull" Trometter's double-wing strategems, wherein the guards pull out and lead the interference. As co-captain, he was an inspiring leader. San Diego's line functioned best when he was in there.

Bill Eysenbach, playing with a Parris Island team that took their share of lumps from Fort Bragg, Quantico and Camp Lejeune, played a rough, hard, steady game all year. Playing on the right side of PI's line, it was he, along with Beatrice and Keller who forced the opposition to try some other spot or take to the air.

Johnny Gregerson, San Diego-MCRD's other watch-charm guard, and Jim Wimberg of Quantico were in contention for the coveted first string selection all season. Weighing only

JOE BARTOS

Quantico's high scorer in '47-'48



BOB FIERKE

CamPen's fiery tackle



175 pounds, Gregerson was almost as much of a fire-horse in Trometter's line as teammate Butler. Wimberg, 205 pounds, has only one year in the Corps and only high school ball behind him. He should carve a niche for himself in Marine football before he leaves the service. Every game saw him improve and by season's end he was just about ready to take his place with the best of them.

CENTER: Bill Jesse is a repeater from last year and opponents and observers will say, "rightly so." Out of Missoula, Montana, Bill learned most of his football at the Naval Academy, where only the great All-American Dick Scott kept him from playing regularly.

Great on offense, he was brilliant on defense, both on backing up the line and on pass defense. Statistics up through the season's final game credit him with five pass interceptions with runbacks totaling 95 yards, two were for touchdowns. This in addition to countless passes batted down.

Close behind Jesse for consideration, and a berth on the second team, was Don Gray from Camp Pendleton. Weighing 205 pounds, Don played a brilliant defensive game for CamPen. This was Gray's third year of service ball and probably his last. A native



BILL BUTLER

San Diego's watch charm guard

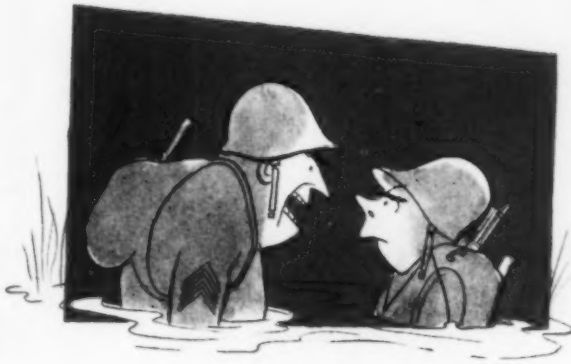
of Toledo, Ohio, he has tentative plans for entering Dayton University next year.

BACKFIELD: Playing his second year with Quantico, little Rudy Flores gets first call in our mythical backfield. While we have made it a practice of designating our backfield members "backs," we are naming Quantico's 165 pound signal caller as our quarterback. He led Quantico through their successful 1947 season, and this year was the strategist's delight. Scoring only twice during the season, it was

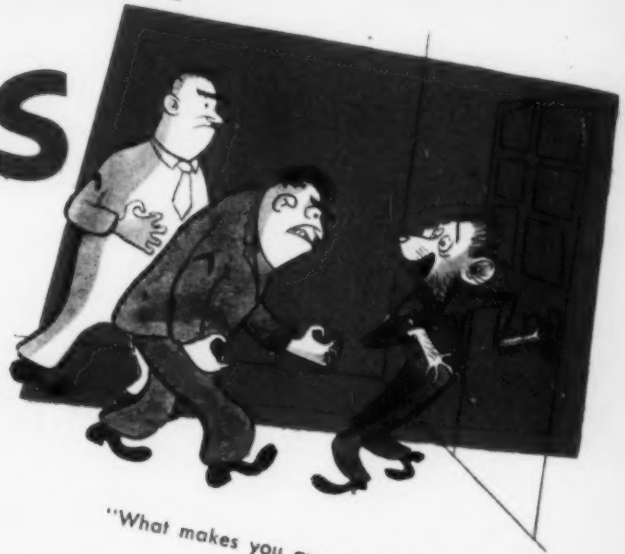
his operation of the "T" and his excellent passing that got him the nod. In 11 games he passed 100 times, completed 54 for 875 yards, an average of 16.2 per toss. Twelve of his pitches went for TDs, and only five of his throws were intercepted. Flores had 54 completed out of 100 thrown; that's a .540 average. I'll buy it.

Volney R. "Skeeter" Quinlan, is a repeater from last year. In nine games, through the Pearl Harbor contest, he scored 11 touchdowns, as against 18 in '47; but it is the consensus of opinion of all West Coast observers, that he is better this year. Playing one season of Frosh ball at Texas Christian University plus one of service ball, the Skeeter has now, in Bull Trometter's word, "the coolness under fire that comes only with experience." He averaged 7.6 yards per haul. The longest trip covered 72 yards and ended with a TD in the long-to-be-remembered Des-Pac game which cinched the play-offs for MCRD. He is equally adept at operating from the signal calling spot or one of the half-back posts. Skeeter is a fine passer, punter and place kicker and he fits nicely into the dream backfield. (continued on page 56)

BOOTHS CARTOONS



"Pitch your tent here Mervis, and get a good night's rest"



"What makes you guys think I rattled on you?"

CAPTAIN
SILVER'S
SEAWARD
HARBOR

By BOOTH



"Good evening, Sir."

THE WAILING WALL



I ANKLED up Market street with the morning paper wadded under my arm. The ad was stuck off in a corner by itself. I'd almost missed it. Anyway, I reasoned, it couldn't be the same Bill Conneston, not unless he'd changed a lot. And the Bill Conneston I had known would never change.

I swung off Market street, pattered along for a few blocks, and then entered a musty old building.

The stairs creaked under my heels. I had deplored the things that women's service oxfords did to otherwise pretty good ankles, but I had to admit now that they sure got you around with a lot less wear and tear on the arches!

At the top of the stairs I hesitated. Then I saw a door marked:

BILL CONNESTON

Personal Relations Advisor

I gulped and walked in. A little frilly number sat at a receptionist's desk. She was scraping an emery board back and forth across a fingernail. She looked up reluctantly. I knew she resented my tearing her away from her exciting pastime.

She shifted her gum from one side of her face to the other with a slow,

J. De Haven



For five bucks anyone could cry on Bill's shoulder



deliberate motion. "You gotta 'pointment?' she asked.

"No," I said. "Do I need one?"

"He's hooked up," she said. "It's a screwy racket. But it pays off. He just sits and listens, and they cough up good dough for the chance to wail. You don't look like one of the wall-ers . . ."

"I didn't come here to wail," I said. "whatever you mean by that, but I knew a Bill Connerton while I was in service. I saw the ad, and I thought maybe . . ."

"Sure," she said. "The babe is an ex-Marine. He's a good Jew. If I didn't have my Willie I could take a dive for him myself. But you know how it is, once a guy gets his hooks into you . . ."

I thought of Charlie. I smiled at the frilly number. "Yes, I know," I said. "I know just what you mean!" I felt a sudden kinship to the best in front of me, every board and all.

"You think I might see Bill for a few minutes?"

She studied my face. "I'll see what I can do for you." She lifted the receiver on the inner office phone. "Dams," she said briefly. "No wailer. Claims she knew you on two Japs or so, complice."

I winced; my duty had been entirely Stateside.

"He'll see you," she said. "Bounce in as soon as Mrs. Charabell Flinnott gets through her load of grief."

Little Miss Muffet went back to sawing on her bangnails. I waited. Pretty soon the door opened and a nervous looking woman with a drooping slip sailed out of the inner sanctum.

Bill stood at the door. He was just as I had remembered him, except that he looked a little less than his full two in his civilian clothes.

He let out a roar and dragged me into his office. "Hello!" he yelled, grabbing me around the waist. "Where's Charlie?"

I was so glad to see Bill I wanted to cry. "I married him," I said. "Stop bouncing around like a rubber ball!"

He dragged up a chair, beaming at me, just as if I was a diamond he'd just found under a rock. It made me feel good. Next to Charlie, Bill is the

soundest hunk of man I have ever known.

"What are you running here?" I asked. "A wet wash? The little lady who just sprinted out was twisting her handkerchief like she was wringing out Monday's laundry!"

He laughed and hauled out a bottle of scotch. He poured some into a couple of paper cups and poked one under my nose. "Stow this, and I'll give you the low-down. It's a good deal," he said, piling a pair of long legs on top of his desk. "Five bucks a throw! That spells good scotch and skittles dough when you figure seven or eight wailers a day. After awhile I'll jack up this gimmick, and double my take!"

I tasted the scotch. "How did you ever happen to land in a set-up like this?"

He grinned. "I latched on to the idea for this caper when I was an NCO at Cherry Point. It got so every time I caught the desk watch at night guys piled into the office after liberty. They spilled the dope about their dames. I kept saying: 'Knock it off! You don't see no chaplain's bars on me!' But I was beginning to wonder what there was about my map that made 'em want to empty their insides to me. Then I caught it. Most guys are too busy dishing up trouble for themselves to give an ear to the other guy's load of grief!"

"Charlie will get a boot out of seeing you in this lash-up," I said.

"You got yourself a good boy," he said. "What's he doing since he shed his greens?"

"Writing," I said. "You know Charlie and that typewriter of his. It's Charlie's other wife . . ."

"Oh, sure," he said. "You kids buying the chow as it's needed?"

"Of course," I said brightly. I was lying. Charlie hadn't sold a line for a month. But I hadn't looked Bill up to make a touch.

He eyed me like a boxer from his corner. "Look, Kid. I've always got some folding money for my pals . . ."

"Skip it," I said. "You're bragging." But my throat felt funny.

"Look," he said, "I got a pat thing, here. No post-war adjustments for me! As long as the three squares are handy and I can still rate a cute dish smart with her glimmers, I'll make out. Anything left is pure gravy. You and Charlie remember that. Say, how'd you like to work for me for a couple of weeks?"

"Doing what?"

He cocked his thumb at the door. "The desk out there. Little rattle trap wants a couple of weeks off to waltz to the altar with Willie."



I chewed on the thought of working for Bill. Charlie wouldn't mind, not as long as it was Bill, and we could use the ready cash. "Okay," I said.

That night I told Charlie. He came out of his creative sleepwalking long enough to mutter several times, "Bill Conneston . . . Bill Conneston! That stinkin' ol' son of a sea horse! Did you really see him?"

You'd thought I'd handed him a dozen century notes, he was that excited!

The next morning we both turned up at Bill's office. There was a lot of back slapping. They were so geared up I thought they'd knock each other out.

Pretty soon Charlie floated toward the door. He had typewriter fever in his eyes again. I kissed him on an ear that was drifting by my nose, and then settled down at the character's desk. Her appointment book nearly floored me. At first I thought it was a formula for atomic energy. Bill looked at his watch. " 'bout time for the first fish to be reeled in."

The first one for the day was a fat dame with battleship gums. I thought, "Charlie'd sure be loused up if he had to keep her tricked out in nylons!" She reminded me of the platter, "Spring Is Bustin' Out All Over . . ."

She crashed into Bill's office. The perfume she used charged through the place like a pack of hunting dogs. It was heavy enough to hold up a platoon-full of ponchos.

Bill quickly closed the door behind

her, flipping his trick eyebrow at me.

I settled back in my chair, glad that the walls were thin.

I heard her say, "Doctor, I have a real problem. My husband . . ."

Bill's voice burrowed smoothly between her gush of words. "I'm no saw bones, Lady. Never went to college. I've no sheep hides plastered on the wall. I'm here to listen. If I can help . . . okay."

Her voice lurched over that hurdle, and kept right on running.

I listened for awhile, marveling at the quick way Bill jabbed at the core of her problem. He was good. I wondered if he knew just how good!

The phone rang. A nice clean voice asked for an appointment. I put down the name . . . Miss Jean Tyson, and booked her for three in the P.M.

There was a steady stream of wailers up 'til lunch time. I watched their faces when they went in and when they came out. It was the difference between a wrinkled slip and a satin house coat! That boy really ironed them out!

A few minutes before three something came through the door that looked like heaven's little apple orchard. It was the Tyson number, and even I, who am naturally prejudiced, had to admit that she had a face right off a magazine cover!

She smiled at me and sat down to wait. When she picked up a magazine I got a good chance to look her over. Her clothes were hot off the griddle from some (continued on page 53)

Accidental Intermission

THE BUSINESS of parachuting, both from medium and low altitudes, had reached a high degree of proficiency by the Spring of 1943. Of course, as far as the men at the jump school on Tontouta were concerned, the same tight feeling in the pit of the stomach remained, regardless of altitude, until the welcome jerk of an opening shock manifested itself on one's body, and he swung free and clear above the earth. It was always good to feel the ground come up and smack one half insensible at the end of a fast tumble. That love of good solid earth is inherent in every man, and no amount of falling through space is liable to remove it.

Daylight jumps were more or less old stuff, even when we carried the heavy weapons down with us—but the night jumps were another thing. Few of the lads felt particularly salty as far as these jumps were concerned. The chances of physical damage are far greater at night, and the mental attitude involved is far different. There is an unreal quality present when a night jump is in progress. Lights reflect from the polished aluminum bulkheads, filling the interior of the plane with a ghostly glow.

Once the aircraft is loaded and airborne, the wind comes whipping through the open door, and it grows colder as the moments pass. Every exposed wire on the plane whines and moans, and air comes through the fuselage in gusty sighs. The aircraft comes on course, and when the warning light winks red, troopers stand and hook on as in a dream. The lead-off man stands in the door, and peers out into the surrounding murk. In spite of the 19 other men standing close behind him, he feels that he is alone in the most dismal spot in the universe.

The paratrooper grasps the metal door frames more tightly, and considers if the jumpmaster will put the flight on the specified field, or send it crashing into the side of the mountains.

TURN PAGE



Paratroopers crashed a movie one night - it was a riot



As they near their objective all hands are eager to be on their way out of the flying prison which confines them. The light flashes green, and the lead man plunges forward and out. He is immediately caught in the slipstream, and thrown end over end. His body plummets earthward until the static line snaps and his parachute fills. It blossoms like a white flower in the darkness, and the trooper floats downward through the gloom, like a thing from another world.

WE had one obstacle as far as the parachuting went. Planes were hard to get and our jump schedules were governed by the availability of aircraft. All planes were mustered then, and bore an ever increasing load of wounded from Rendova and New Georgia, as our comrades, the Raiders, drove the enemy into the sea. This shortage of planes put us on the spot, for in May of '43 we made our last jump.

None of the three fields we jumped for were adequate. The worst field, and the one used least of all, was close to our camp and to the airfield. A Red Cross hut was located on a small hill over looking the field, and due to this association it was known as the "Red Cross Field." On either side of it were two encampments of United States personnel. To the South lay the field depot, attached to the airfield, and to the North was located a Carrier Aircraft Service Unit outfit which served the Navy's flight personnel on and around the island. It was over this Red Cross Field that an event took place that was the cause of much consternation among our neighbors, and the source of widespread hilarity in our battalion.

At the time of the incident, our battalion had been grounded for nearly three weeks. All aircraft were in use elsewhere and as a consequence our operations were conducted on the ground. It was discouraging for all hands. Forced marches are not the favorite amusement of troopers, even

when they are begun at the termination of a parachute drop. The battalion found itself being trucked out some 30 miles, and invited to walk back with as much speed as could be mustered. This got mighty tiresome, and the troops began to yearn for the feel of a plane deck beneath their feet. They were more than ready for it when news came through that one company would make a night jump the following Friday evening.

The day came, and with it feverish preparation for the night's activities. The evening meal was set up an hour, and the troops ate quickly and returned to their tents. At the parachute loft, riggers were strapping cargo into web slings, readying it for the drop. Trucks arrived from motor transport, and soon these vehicles were taking cargo aboard. Riggers finished the task at hand, and scrambled onto the trucks. The jumpers filed by the issue tent and picked up the back packs and chest chutes they were to use. Then, with full combat gear, plus the two parachutes hanging from their bodies, they staggered out to the road and clambered aboard the trucks.

The distance from our camp to the airfield, was five miles and by the time the convoy swung into the entrance to the field, daylight had faded into the deep Pacific dusk. The lights along the runways winked on, and the searchlight whisked its solitary beam over the field and surrounding countryside. At the far end of the main runway five DC-3s were parked in a tight group. Troopers dismounted and fell into formation, 'chutes neatly stacked before them. Officers and non-coms checked their respective commands and reported to the company commander. Parachutes were donned by all hands and the riggers started their systematic check on each trooper and his equipment. Leg straps were tightened, harnesses taken up or let out, static lines checked, and manual ripcords given a thorough inspection. When all jump

equipment had been tested, the chief rigger spoke to the jumpmaster, and the troopers started filing aboard. One by one the planes filled, cargo was lifted in, and the company was ready for flight. Aircraft engines which had been idling roared into life, and the ground crews leaped down to remove ladders from doors, and jerk chocks away from wheels. Vibration shook the aircraft and their occupants, as power built up in the huge engines. The tower gave the flight a green light, and with propellers screaming, the tires howling along the metal matting beneath them, the five transports took off into the night.

The plan for the jump was to take off, make two passes around the area, drop to eight hundred feet, and make a run on the target. The lights of the Red Cross hut would be on, and would be used as a guide for incoming jumpers. As soon as the first plane came in over the jump area the pilot was to switch on his wing spot lights and jump his load. The other planes would spot on the lead plane. A second run of all five planes would be made to drop cargo.



That same night at the nearby CASU outfit a festive affair had been planned, and guests had been invited from adjacent units. A grade "A" movie was to be shown. To be sure that things went smoothly the word had been passed that all lights would be extinguished at movie call. It was necessary to do this in order to insure the maximum output from the portable generators.

As the time for exhibiting the film drew near, the seats in the outdoor theater filled rapidly. Smoke, and the talk of a hundred men filled the amphitheater. Movie call was sounded, and the O. D.'s sentries went through the area checking lights. When all lights had been extinguished the movie operator was given a go ahead, and started the projector grinding out the first reel. Men butted cigars, and settled down to be amused.

While this was taking place the aircraft bearing their loads of parachutists had completed two passes over the area, and were halfway through the third. The first plane leveled off from its glide, the pilot trimmed tabs, set the flaps for one half and came on in for the final run. He glanced at the jumpmaster, who was riding the cubicle with him, and pointed down. Dead ahead, about a quarter of a mile away, a series of lights twinkled up at them. Both men studied them for a period of seconds, and then agreed that these were the lights they sought. Some doubt lurked in the mind of the jumpmaster as he made his way back to the jump compartment, but he was convinced that things would go off on time and in good order. He alerted the jumpers and stood back as the flight lined up to hook on.

The jumpers stood up clumsily, stiff from the cramped positions and the cold night air. The word came to hook on, and 20 odd steel snaps clicked shut over the cable. The jumpmaster was on his knees beside the door, watching the lights come closer under the port wing. Up forward the pilot was trying



to spot the flight in too, and as the nose of the plane slid over the foremost lights he reached for the jumper's light. To his amazement a brighter, more powerful light became visible ahead of the plane, and he took his hand away from the control light. The pilot had been briefed on one set of lights, and now there were two, but after a brief turn-over of gray matter he reached again for the jump light and switched it on.

In the rear of the plane the jumpmaster had been watching the lights, and when they slid past under the tail surfaces of the plane he was dumfounded. A moment later when the green light blinked on he was more confused than ever. The jumper leading the first flight saw the light go green, and catapulted into the night. In less than half a minute all the jumpers had cleared the plane, and

nothing remained of them but the static lines, now beating themselves against the side of the plane. The four planes which followed came in over the exact spot and unloaded their troops, too. The night was filled with silk, and a promise of things to come.

The movie at CASU had proved to be all that had been anticipated. It was one of the Bob Hope, Bing Crosby "Road" series and everyone was enjoying it to the fullest extent. The sound of aircraft engines had penetrated the consciousness of some, but was quickly forgotten. A few glanced skyward for a few seconds, their eyes searching for the colored running lights of aircraft. CASU was being entertained for a change, and all hands were content.

The first flight of jumpers got their opening shocks, heard their parachutes open with a crack, as silk struck air, and started trying to check oscillation. They were falling fast, and were almost on the ground before they realized they were in the wrong spot. As they swung down into the CASU area the lights of the movie struck the startled troopers, and a woman's scream of terror sent shivers racing up their spines when they were still a hundred feet from the ground.

There was no time to shout a warning before the first trooper came crashing into the theater. Pandemonium broke loose. The full flight came swinging in, shouting and swearing as they smashed into the body-packed seats. Two troopers struck the screen a blow that shattered the frame, and left the cloth hanging in shreds. Several jumpers hit the projection booth, toppled it over, and in the process, ripped out the main light cable. In the darkness that followed, profanity rent the air as heavy-booted parachutists landed on upturned faces. The moans of the injured were terrible to hear.

To the movie audience it must have seemed like the end of the world. A few seconds before they had been howling with laughter at the antics of Hope and Crosby. It was unbelievable that enemy 'chute troops could have penetrated this far, but here they were, plunging in from the sky. Someone shouted that the Japanese were attacking, and panic spread throughout the camp. The troopers must have presented a grim spectacle as they came into sight and spun into the people below. Steel helmets, Reising guns, pistols and combat equipment added much to the illusion that these were enemy forces. The men who came in after the first two flights had landed sized up the situation, entered into the spirit of the thing and emitted blood-curdling war whoops. Real damage might have been done that night had

it not been for a cool headed lad who traced the light cable in the dark, and made the lighting system work again.

The sight that met the eyes of all concerned was unbelievable. There was an empty space where the screen had been; the projection booth was in shambles; the seats had been crushed, and in some instances, ripped out of their foundations. The entire area was littered with parachutes. Troopers wriggled out of their harnesses, chained up their parachutes, and reorganized as quickly as possible. Most of them had been badly shaken up, but the sight of the still-trembling CASU personnel brought back mind pictures of the horror-stricken countenances that had been present when they landed, and grins that could not be suppressed split the faces of the troopers.

It was at this moment that the riggers chose to make the cargo runs. Those present were soon ducking and dodging, as the Multi-colored cargo 'chutes came swishing in. Filled five gallon water cans struck the earth with a dull thump; medical chests, ammunition boxes and ration crates all crashed into the same area. For five minutes destruction rained supreme. The last plane roared overhead, dropped its load, and zoomed off into the night. Silence followed its departure.

TWO truck loads of riggers pulled into the CASU area a few minutes later. Close on the heels of the riggers trucks came the jeep of the operations officer. He yanked the jeep to a halt, leaped out, and charged up to the nearest trooper. A stream of questions bubbled from his mouth. The trooper looked intently at the officer, let him finish his tirade, calmly shrugged tired shoulders and walked away. Apologies were made to the C. O. and the personnel of CASU—apologies that were earnest and profuse. It became more obvious with each passing moment that parachute troops were very unpopular in the vicinity. To forestall any further unpleasantness, orders were issued for the troops to fall in on the double, and prepare to march back to camp. Officers sent details to pick up the loose gear that was scattered around the CASU area, and runners were dispatched to get an ambulance.

The company formed and moved out toward home. In spite of several broken legs and countless twisted ankles the troopers had just completed a very exciting operation. They had jumped after a long lay-off, had been a little scared themselves, and had frightened the CASU outfit out of an evening's entertainment. Officers and men chuckled as they limped toward the battalion area. It had been a good night all around.

END

DEMON II

by Sgt. Lindley S. Allen

Leathemack Staff Writer

In this landing, for the first time, Marines

received all their direct air support from their own

Photos by Sgt. Frank Few

Leathemack Staff Photographer

carrier-based fighter-bomber squadrons





If there are unsung heroes aboard an aircraft carrier surely their ranks are liberally sprinkled with members

of MAG-12's ground crewmen. There was no "second shift" for men who worked long hours keeping the planes ready

WHILE First Division Marines slogged ashore at San Clemente Island and Camp Pendleton's Aliso Beach during last Fall's "Operation Demon II" Marine aviators, overhead, were chalking up an important milestone.

Corsairs from Marine Air Group 12 swept in low to level "enemy" fortifications, thus marking the first time in Marine history that all direct air support for an amphibious assault was provided by the Corps' own fighter-bomber squadrons, unassisted by the Navy's air arm. True, Navy planes participated in the overall strategy. They were used to spearhead the attack before H-Hour, but they were withdrawn in favor of the Marine F4Us and Night Fighters which supported the infantry in the ground operation.

The tactical problems provided by "Demon II" gave Marine "airdales" and "gravel-crunchers" an opportunity to demonstrate close cooperation during a large scale maneuver. And they didn't fail each other. When the last plane had completed its simulated strafing run over Aliso Beach, and the first amtracs had plowed up on the sand, Rear Admiral Bertram J. Rodgers, overall commander, stated that

it was by far the largest and most efficiently staged peacetime operation he had ever seen.

In preparation for the mission, MAG-12's pilots and maintenance crewmen, as an integral part of the Blue Task Force, boarded the carrier *Boxer*, late in October. Throughout the two-week show the big ship was the base for four squadrons which included a headquarters squadron, VMF (n) 513, VMF 452, and VMF 214. The famed "Black-sheep," VMF 214 made life miserable for the Japs at Rabaul during the war. At that time it was commanded by Medal of Honor winner, Major Gregory (Pappy) Boyington. Now, Major Donald H. Sapp skippers the rugged outfit. The squadron recently won the coveted Navy "E," for battle readiness.

While on the *Boxer*, the group was commanded by Colonel Charles J. Schlapkoehl.

A Marine's life aboard a carrier differs widely from the daily routine aboard a transport where the average foot soldier has plenty of idle time. The latter may occupy himself with reading, card playing, or just standing in line for chow or ice cream. Except for moderate guard duty, his work doesn't start until he hits the beach

on D-Day—that's when he's really busy.

This procedure is reversed on a carrier. From morning until far into the night the decks of a CV are the scene of lively activity. Gas tanks must be filled; oil leaks repaired; wings patched; propellers changed. There is no second shift to relieve a crew working on a

TURN PAGE



Marine airmen on the USS *Boxer* were commanded by Col. C. J. Schlapkoehl



Maj. Don Sapp, CO of VMF-214, talks over day's plan with another officer



job. Some of MAG 12's mechanics put in 16 or 18 hours a day. Their task was completed only when their particular plane was ready for flight.

Master Sergeant Charles W. Chambers, 214's leading chief, told us that the biggest difficulty in servicing planes aboard a carrier, is lack of space to do the work. "Our mechanics have a hard time getting accustomed to working in cramped quarters," he said. "Then too, we have to depend on the Navy for spare parts, and sometimes that means running all over the ship trying to track down the part we want."

At first glance it seemed that utter turmoil predominated the flight and hangar decks during the daylight hours. Marines went about their various jobs without any apparent directions. Ele-

vators shifted the aircraft from deck to deck seemingly without reason. Plane directors and their crews moved the Corsairs to different positions on the decks. If anyone can fit a round peg into a square hole, these people can do it. They can put a plane in a spot which doesn't appear large enough to accommodate a jeep. Space is limited aboard carriers and every foot must be utilized. Everything seems to pile up but somehow order is restored and when flight time arrives, everything is squared away for the take off.

A fine line divides the work aboard a carrier between Sailors and Marines. Theoretically the airmen are responsible for the maintenance of their own planes while the Navy furnishes the crews which handle take offs and

landings, and shift the aircraft about the decks. Actually, a number of Marines were dispersed among the various Navy crews, and it was a common sight to see the Bluejackets and Marines working side by side on some particular job. All told, MAG-12 had about 250 ground crewmen aboard to service their 80 planes.

The order directing pilots to man their planes intensifies even more the hurly-burly activity of the carrier. Like people who have just hit the jack-pot on a give-away show, the fliers scramble from their ready-room seats and run up the ladder to the flight deck on the double. Plane captains go to their respective aircraft to assist in the take off. Yellow-helmeted directors are in place ready to hand-signal the airmen



Armors were kept busy replacing the Corsair's sting before each strike. Planes carried "Tiny Tim" and "Holy

Moses" rockets, 500 pound bombs and a full load of .50 caliber ammo, giving each plane the kick of a cruiser

into position. When the order comes to start engines, the din is terrific. The spinning props of the closely parked aircraft and their engines' roar gives one an uneasy feeling. The flight deck is like a strange world, populated by snarling mechanical monsters straining to tear the insides out of anybody or anything that gets in their way. Welcome relaxation comes when the last plane has left the carrier and the men can step into a compartment for a much-needed smoke.

Insufficient room for all the planes to make a rolling take off from the flight deck makes it necessary for some to be catapulted. The writer and photographer Frank Few, boarded a TBM,

better known as a "turkey," that was scheduled to be shot from the *Boxer's* bow. You get that sinking feeling in your stomach as you climb into the plane's turret. The mechanic has just told you to brace yourself well, and hold your head back as far as possible. "You leave the deck, doing better than 80 knots," grinned Sergeant Bob Franklin.

When your plane at last wheels up to where it is hooked on the catapult, you hold your breath. Then it happens. One moment you're not moving. The next, when you get the courage to look, you're off the carrier. What happens during those few seconds is something you don't quite understand. It's

like slowly moving up the tracks of a roller coaster and then suddenly tearing down a steep grade. Your body goes along all right, but your senses are still back at the top of the climb. You can appreciate the feelings of a carnival performer who makes his living being shot out of a cannon.

One unfortunate Marine observer failed to get himself strapped in before his plane was catapulted. He was slammed back against the bulkhead of the cabin with terrific force. A few moments later the plane circled in for a landing. The observer, a lieutenant, had two broken ribs and bruises all over his body.

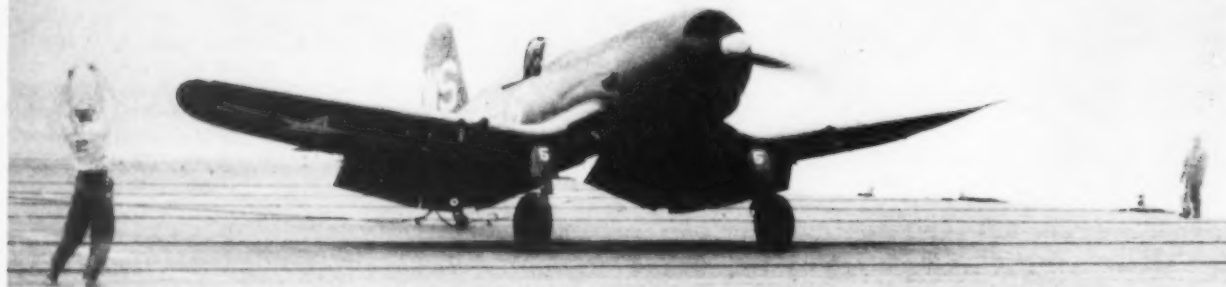
When flight quarters are sounded to

TURN PAGE



Space is at a premium on the decks of a flat top with planes parked so close together that maneuverability

seems impossible. However, confusion disappears when the aircraft begin to take off from the flight deck



Helmeted handlers direct the pilot's course as he taxis to a parking spot



Spirit of competition among Marine crewmen earned for VMF-452 an excellent reputation for keeping planes 100 per cent available in Operation Demon II



When there is insufficient room on the deck for a take-off the catapult is used. The planes are thrown off the carrier's bow at a speed of 80 knots

take planes back aboard after a strike has been completed, the Landing Signal Officer takes his position on a platform off the stern of the ship. He's the key man in getting the pilots safely aboard the flight deck. By various signals he regulates and safety-checks each pilot's speed and altitude as he comes roaring down the groove. If the LSO is not satisfied that the pilot is set up for a safe landing, or if the flight deck is fouled, the LSO waves him off and immediately turns his attention to the next plane following, about 20 or 30 seconds behind.

Landing on a carrier necessitates coming in just barely above stalling speed and then cutting the engine before hitting the deck. A hook on the plane's tail catches on one of the cables spread over the flight deck and brings the F4U to a lurching halt. Handlers rapidly unhook the plane and it taxis past cable barriers just as the next pilot is making his approach. The whole thing runs very smoothly and looks easy. It isn't.

MAG-12 had only two minor crashes on the *Boxer* during the maneuvers, and the pilots considered themselves extremely fortunate. Although barely noticeable to the men aboard, a carrier deck has quite a teeter as the ship cuts through the water, especially during rough weather. One afternoon, when the ocean was particularly choppy, a pilot misjudged the position of the deck and flipped over the nose of his Corsair. The other accident occurred when one of the planes' hooks failed to catch a cable and the F4U crashed into the barriers. Neither of the pilots was injured.

One of MAG-12's officers pointed out: "There are two kinds of carrier



Rockets have turned the Corsair into an outstanding close support weapon

pilots—those who have crashed and those who are going to. Then, too, there's always a third class—those who are going to again."

Whenever the hawk-winged Corsairs began their landings on the CV's deck, it was the signal for everyone not actually on duty to come topside and witness the show. The pilots themselves, as soon as they got out of their planes, raced for vantage points to watch their buddies come in. It was like being in the bleachers in the Brooklyn ball park. Everyone had a comment to make on the way other pilots handled their ships in lighting on the flight deck. Bounce landings weren't infrequent and some wiseacre would yell from the "grandstand":

"Ride 'em cowboy!"

But as one oldtime leading chief commented: "Any landing that brings the plane to the carrier deck in one piece is a good one."

Pilots, when not actually on a strike, spent long hours in the ready-room where they were either briefed on some new mission, or were quizzed by intelligence officers on the old one. Bad weather hampered the final phases of the maneuver, and the pilots fretted away much time awaiting the call to man their planes. They call it "standing by to stand by."

During one of these waits one disgusted radio man nudged an enlisted pilot and said:

"Sometimes I think we're as fouled up as a line company."

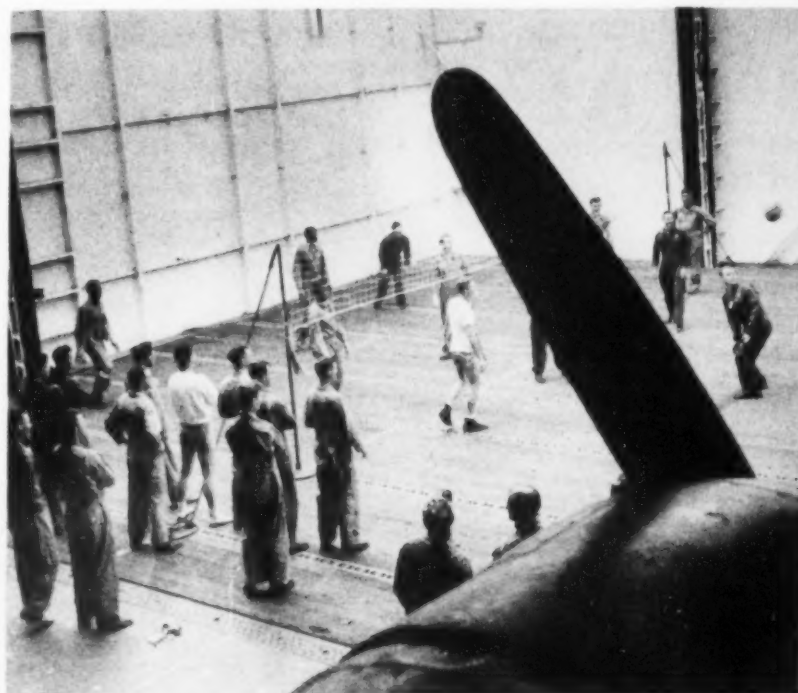
"There's only one difference," answered, the EP, "we untangle ourselves a little faster."

The problem set up during these war games involved two nations—the Blue Force and Aggressor. Aggressor

supposedly occupied the central part of the North American continent. Camp Pendleton was an enemy airbase situated on the southwest coast of Aggressor's mainland and it was selected as the spot where Blue forces would begin their offensive.

Intelligence reports indicated that only light resistance would be met on the landing because of lack of fortifications at Pendleton and because of

the small size of the defending troops. The enemy was supposed to have only one infantry battalion plus a few supporting troops. There were also two air groups operating off the Pendleton strip, but intelligence felt that it was unlikely that a coordinated effort would be made against the Blue task force. The First Division's objective was to capture this air strip and then MAG-12 was (continued on page 57)



When the last plane has left the carrier deck, ground crewmen are free to relax. Competition is lively in the fast volleyball games between squadrons

POSTS OF THE CORPS



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

LITTLE CREEK



**The ABCs of amphibious war
are taught by specialized Marine units**

A SHORT distance east of Norfolk, Va., on a pine-covered, sandy promontory that juts out into the confluence of Little Creek and Lake Whitehurst, lies the huge and sprawling Amphibious Training Base of the U. S. Navy. The base, divided into three annexes, still reflects much of its temporary wartime construction. Tucked away in one corner of Annex III of the Phib Base is a small group of Marine officers and enlisted men—the Troop Training Unit.

This unit, one of the most important additions to the Navy's Amphibious Training Command, was activated on April 1, 1946, in accordance with an approved directive from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Troop Training Unit is charged with the mission of training Army and Marine Corps troops assigned to the Atlantic Fleet in the principles of Amphibious landings. The unit is commanded by

Brigadier General William A. Worton, USMC, a veteran officer with more than 30 years service in the Corps.

World War II with its water-borne invasions of Tarawa, Saipan, Normandy and Sicily, proved the tremendous value of Marine developments in the technique of amphibious landings. The Troop Training Unit's primary mission today is to teach both officers and men the best known methods of fighting their way across the shoreline of an enemy.

TTU's program of indoctrination and training in amphibious landing techniques has been designed to provide for the instruction of one division, to be trained in three successive echelons. Each echelon consists of one regimental combat team, or approximately 300 officers and 5000 men. However, this program is so flexible that it can be adapted to smaller groups without loss of time or effort. The TTU is prepared

to conduct this training at Little Creek or the home base of the unit to be trained. In fact any suitable location which may be designated by command authority is acceptable.

Three times since its organization the TTU has participated in the training of joint groups of Cadets from West Point and Midshipmen from Annapolis. These exercises were designated CAMID I, II and III, and each year drew more attention from both military and civilian circles. This training points the way toward greater cooperation between the various elements of the Armed Forces—a pre-requisite in any amphibious operation of modern magnitude.

Many hours are spent by TTU instructors explaining the capabilities and limitations of the supporting arms available to landing troops from the Army, Navy and Air Force. For many years the Marine Corps has prided it-



Waterproofing methods used to prevent motors from drowning out in deep water and heavy surf are explained to West Point Cadets by Lieutenant Albert Fowler

self in its use of close integration of all available weapons to support a landing, or to help decide an issue on the field of battle. It has attained a high degree of proficiency and cooperation among all Marine combat elements. The TTU injects this same spirit into its instruction.

To standardize training procedure the TTU has reduced all lectures and class room techniques to the printed word. This assures the use of the same material regardless of changes in in-

structors, and prevents the injection of any personal theory into the instruction. To keep such material up to date, all instructional documents are modified from time to time to incorporate the latest approved doctrines and practices in the field of amphibious landing operations. Without a doubt the Troop Training Unit at Little Creek and a sister organization at Coronado, Calif., are the most advanced schools of practical amphibious doctrines and techniques in the world.

The training of organizations assigned to the TTU is divided into four phases. Phase I is devoted to a short course of indoctrination in amphibious warfare. This consists mainly of an explanation of why troops are being trained in this particular type of combat, the historical background of amphibious landings, types of ships, and the various types of drills which are held aboard ship. It lasts for a period of six days and is given to both officers and enlisted men.

During Phase II, officers and selected enlisted men are assigned to specialists school and the troops get instruction in Basic Amphibious School. This course of instruction for the troops is regarded by the TTU as one of its most important functions and much time is spent in its preparation and delivery. The instructors work on the principle that a better combat team will result if every man knows the scheme of an operation and the part he and others will play as a part of the team.

The troops learn the formation of boat teams and how they embark and disembark from, and into, the various types of landing craft. Mockups of various types are used during the initial phases of instruction. Later, debarkation drills are practiced on the nets of a decommissioned Assault Transport, the USS *Burleson*, moored to the dock at Little Creek. Realism



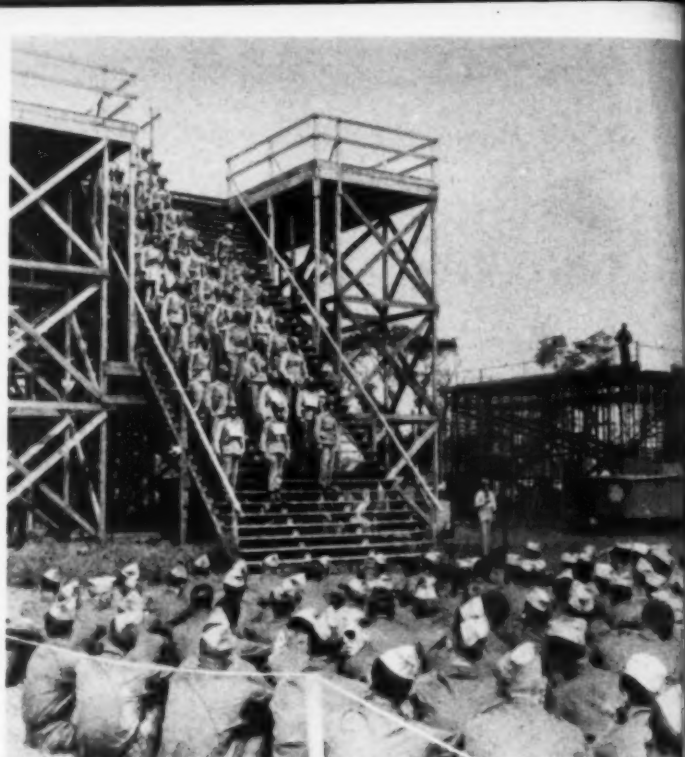
"A Staff in Action," is a play used by TTU instructors to demonstrate correct methods in planning an operation



With students acting as members of boat teams, the TTU uses LCRs to demonstrate a night reconnaissance problem



Troops learn debarking procedures on mockups in camp, and later, on the wet-nets of a decommissioned transport



The formation and function of the boat team is one of the first lessons for students at Basic Amphib School

is accomplished by embarking troops and loading supplies via the starboard side at the dock and disembarking from the port side into landing craft in the water.

In general, Basic Amphib School teaches the application of sea-borne landing techniques to the land tactics of Army and Marine units. It teaches them to combine land, sea and air organizations into one unbeatable team, using the best support each arm has to offer.

Phase III is a dress rehearsal for the graduating exercises of units being trained in amphibious techniques. At this point actual landings are held, utilizing all of the knowledge imparted to the troops during their training ashore. These elementary landing exercises are generally held in the calm waters of Chesapeake Bay.

Phase IV is the advanced landing, or graduating day for the troops, and consists of full-scale exercises held in the surf of the Atlantic Ocean. This operation is supported by a naval task force which includes aviation units.

Personnel from the Troop Training Unit are present during all of these various phases of training, coaching the proper methods of attack on defended beaches from the sea.

In all classes the TTU employs a wide selection of visual methods of instruction. The correct staff planning

procedures are demonstrated for officer trainees through the medium of a stage play, with the instructors acting the parts of various staff officers in a mythical planning conference. Other visual means include models, motion pictures, slides, charts, photographs and diagrams.

Amphibious Intelligence School indoctrinates officers and enlisted men, in the purpose and employment of the various methods used in obtaining information about an enemy. Some of this information is gathered through reconnaissance over the ground to be invaded.

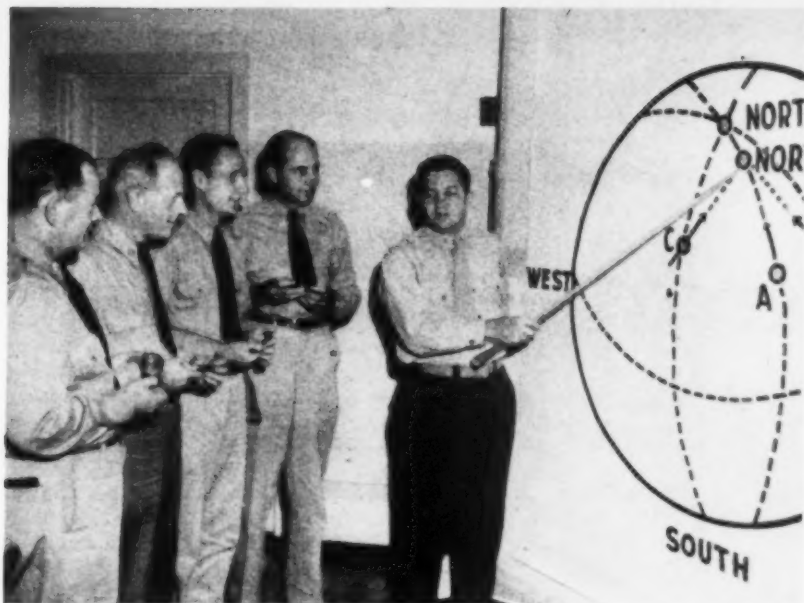
The Reconnaissance School is one of the most interesting courses conducted

by the TTU. It affords certain specialists training in the techniques and tactics of employing rubber boats, and includes swimming, communications, night and day landings, hydrography and tactical employment of reconnaissance groups in amphibious campaigns. Practical problems are used to demonstrate the use of sun, moon, tide tables, map reading and aerial photo interpretation during the training period.

In the development of certain amphibious doctrines by the Marine Corps, the use of naval gunfire and aviation to support landing operations has reached a high state of perfection. The TTU maintains a close supporting arms school to teach the capabilities



The ability of a "waterproofed" jeep to operate in water over its motor is demonstrated for three students



Special courses are also available for small groups of specialists. These four Naval Reserve Intelligence officers are receiving map and compass instruction

and limitations of artillery, aviation and naval gunfire.

Officers in the G-4 section on units being trained by the Troop Training unit are given a comprehensive course of instruction in the details and procedures employed in the logistical planning of an amphibious campaign. This includes the actual preparation of administrative plans and the various tactical and logistical considerations to be observed during the planning stage. The G-4 section plays an important part in the planning of an amphibious operation.

The Transport Quartermaster School provides specialized training in all phases of combat loading transports, landing ships and assault cargo ships, with emphasis placed on the priority of all types of cargo normally loaded for combat mission. Training in combat loading of troops and their gear into transport of patrol types of aircraft is included. About one third of the actual school time is taken up with the actual loading and lashing of cargo on decommissioned planes and mock-ups resembling airplanes.

Rail loading for amphibious operations as integrated with the combat loading of ships provides practical experience in the problems of transporting men and equipment to ship docks. It is no small matter to plan the loading of a railroad train so that the proper transfer to ship may take place in an orderly and efficient manner.

Two more schools complete the general training picture of the Troop

Training Unit, the Shore Party School and the Waterproofing School. The first trains selected shore party personnel in the purpose, organization and techniques of these units in support of the forward elements of an invading force. The latter trains men in the art of waterproofing communication equipment and vehicles of all types, assuring dependable operation despite

a constant bath of salt water prior to the landing.

Since its activation, the Troop Training Unit has trained three Marine Combat Teams of the Second Division, plus elements of division troops; three groups of Cadets and Midshipmen from the nation's military and naval academies; a cadre of Chemical Corps Troops of the Army Chemical Corps School; one Armored Combat Command of the Second Armored (Army) Division, the Second Infantry Battalion of Marine Reserves, various smaller groups of Volunteer Reservists and special assigned units. All have been generous in their praise of the instructions they received from officers and men of the TTU.

This training group can be organized into two training teams for separate training exercises. During the Fall of 1947 one team went to Camp Hood, Tex., to train the Second Armored Division, while another team remained at Little Creek to instruct a regimental combat team from the Second Marine Division.

The officers and men of the TTU work on a full schedule; if they are not actually engaged in a training assignment they are preparing for the next one. Until air power can be utilized to transport men and materials in the same quantities as ships on the sea, the United States will need a TTU to teach the doctrine of amphibious warfare and the cooperation that welds all services into one smoothly functioning amphibious team. **END**



Visual education has become popular and effective. Many devices, from simple charts to elaborate models, may be found among the training aids of TTU



by Sgt. Lindley Allen

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Photos by Sgt. Frank Few

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

WHAT *Makes* A MESS

**Good food served in
sanitary surroundings
keeps all hands well
fed at Camp Pendleton**

"YOU show me a well-fed outfit, and I'll guarantee it will be a first-class one."

Master Sergeant Paul Blackledge, mess sergeant for Camp Pendleton's Sixth Marines was addressing a group of "strikers" standing by to begin their first watch in the galley. His subject was the importance of proper preparation of food.

"'Good food,'" he read from the manual, "'well prepared and carefully served in the right quantities to sustain active and vigorous men does much to keep them healthy and build up their morale. Painstaking attention to mess management will help to produce an energetic and proud outfit, and contribute much to its intelligent, effective, and continuous operation.'"

Blackledge laid the manual aside and eyed the strikers.

"Too often the good quality of the food purchased by the Marine Corps is spoiled by inferior cooking" he said.

"It's part of your responsibility to see that that doesn't happen in this mess."

Cooking in the Marine Corps is not exactly a glamorous profession. It has long been customary to sneer at the job, to call cooks "belly-robbers," "range pirates," or "galley slaves." Like clothing issues, pay call or annual furloughs, Marines take their chow for granted. They seldom consider the amount of hard work, planning, and money involved in feeding a large group of men in a battalion mess. Too often chow call is a routine of lining up, scrambling to a table, grabbing trays, and shoveling the food down. After the usual complaint about the "lousy chow," the meal is forgotten.

Sgt. Blackledge and his cooking crew at the Sixth Marines' mess make no pretense at competition with mother and homecooking. They believe that these comparisons are unfair—mother feeds a family of five or six, they deal with thousands. In consideration of

the factors they contend with—the tonnage of food they prepare daily, and the variety of tastes they try to please, they are turning out good chow, and the Sixth is as well fed an outfit as you'll find in the Corps.

"At least," said Blackledge, "they don't spend all their spare time in the PX stocking up on pogy bait to substantiate their diet as they were supposed to have done in China before the war. I think they've pretty well lost that reputation since their arrival at Pendleton."

Many changes were made in mess management during the war—innovations on which improvements have been made since the cessation of hostilities. In 1940 each galley was a separate unit within itself. Each had its own butchers, bakers and cooks. The individual mess sergeants and officers prepared daily menus. One galley might serve a steak dinner; another, spaghetti and meat balls. In one mess the Marines might have an excess of well-prepared food; another mess might have poorly prepared food, or not enough. This system proved impractical; food was wasted and all hands were not getting the same quality chow. A master menu was devised at Marine Headquarters which meant that an FMF unit at Camp Lejeune would be eating practically the same bill of fare as a similar unit at Camp Pendleton. This simplified both food procurement and preparation, and maintained the same level of chow throughout the Marine Corps. Today the only change that can be made in the master menu without permission from the post mess officer is in salad and beverage, plus the addition of any left-overs from previous meals.

Pendleton has only one mess officer, Captain F. A. Quint, known as the Director of Food Service. This officer is directly responsible for the classification, education, and assignment of all mess personnel on the post, and assists in the procurement of all commissary stores. He also oversees the Post's butcher shop and bakery.

Individual galleys no longer have their own butchers as they did before the war. All meat cutting at Pendleton is done at the Food Directory. This means that there is only one large-scale butchering operation. The butchers, using all the mechanical equipment available in the camp, cut over 7000 pounds of meat daily, and the result is a considerable saving for Uncle Sam's pocketbook. It is a more economic method than conducting the same operation on a small scale in a number of galleys. All wastes and fats can be salvaged and turned over to the galleys to replace shortening and lard. At Pendleton the demand for

these products has been reduced 75 per cent.

The same is true of bakery products served twice daily at the Pendleton messes. It is less expensive to turn out 3500 loaves of bread or a thousand apple pies each day in one camp bakery than to prepare several hundred in the individual galleys. And more important, this saving is turned back to the messes. With the ever increasing price of food it would be impossible to maintain the same high standards of chow if the Corps suddenly reverted to the old system.

ANY housewife in the country would find a sympathetic listener in a husky Marine mess sergeant in a confab on the high cost of living. In 1940 a day's ration for one Marine totaled only 55¢. Today that figure has reached \$1.05 and is still going up. At this writing, mess people at Pendleton were upset over a 15 per cent increase in the cost of meat which became effective in September.

Early this year, here in the States and wherever possible overseas, the Corps switched to a family-style mess. Marines no longer line up with tin trays while the cooks heave on huge

gobs of chow as the men file by. Even the best filet mignon in the world would look most unappetizing served in this manner. Now the men are seated at tables where they help themselves to food from platters, eating it from chinaware service.

For each 20 men there is one mess cook to survey the chow as the men clear the platters. To add even more to the home touch, curtains have been placed over messhall windows. A number of men, especially farm boys, are accustomed to dinner at home in this manner. It's exactly like the harvest season when the field hands sit down to a table heaped with huge quantities of food. Some of these Sixth Marines can, and do, put away a dozen eggs in one sitting.

"There's no better gang of men to feed than an infantry outfit," reports Sgt. Blackledge. "They work hard and they eat big, and they don't expect finger bowls to be put around after each meal. Then too, you always know what to expect when you're with a line outfit. They have a schedule which is strictly adhered to. If I have to serve chow in the field, I know about it a week in advance. It's not like other units where you're given a couple of

TURN PAGE



Pie-eyed personnel of the camp bakery make sure, by mass production, that hungry troops get their just desserts. Daily bread output is 3500 loaves

MESS (cont.)

hours notice to have hot chow on hand for a working party. When it comes to feeding Marines, I'll take the infantry any day."

The change to the family-style has put an additional burden on the messmen, however. It was a lot easier on the dishwashers when they had only trays and cups to handle, now they have plates, platters, and bowls. Sgt. Blackledge estimates that it takes three hours more each day to clean up a messhall than it did under the old system. Even with the added work, mess cooks still receive \$5.00 extra per month.

What's the most popular dish with the Sixth Marines? According to their mess sergeant, they all have millionaire appetites. "We serve T-bone steaks twice a month," Blackledge said. On those days there's not a scrap of meat left on any plate. We usually have enough left over for a few surveys, but it's gone before everyone gets seated. If I could put out T-bones twice a day, I'd be the best-liked mess sergeant in the Marine Corps."

The least popular meals are liver and chili.

On an average, a Marine of the Sixth puts away about seven pounds

of food every day. He gets meat twice a day, and on most cuts can survey all he wants. If he were to pay for similar chow on the outside, it would cost him well over \$100 per month. His bill for breakfast, alone, would be at least seventy-five cents, and that doesn't mean he could stow away six eggs. His check for a T-bone steak dinner would be \$3.00 in any restaurant. Considering the fact that when beef is served, each man rates about a half-pound serving; chicken, three-fourths of a pound; and ground meat, one-fourth of a pound, no Marine is starving. Whether master sergeant or private they all eat the same fare, and that's usually better than a civilian on a comparable pay scale.

NO Marine should ever have a legitimate beef about the quantity of food served. But the way it is prepared is an all together different subject. That's where the average battalion mess sergeant's troubles begin. The rapid turnover in personnel makes it difficult to retain experienced cooks for a galley watch. There are no longer cooks and bakers schools at Pendleton, and as a consequence strikers must be relied upon for replacements. Certain volunteers are given "on the job" training under the supervision of the various

mess sergeants and chief cooks on watch.

Strikers are usually former messmen who decide they would like to try their hand at cooking. But there aren't many volunteers. Cooks begin their day at 0230 and the galley isn't secured till 1900. Often there are night problems which mean additional hours spent over the hot ranges. Cooks have to stand regular inspections along with other battalion units when they are off duty, and they have to pass a regular line test, along with showing proficiency in cooking, before they make another rating. It takes some strikers six months to qualify as assistant cooks; the hope for quick rates is not an incentive for volunteers.

The only concrete compensation for the job is the day-on, day-off duty, and the extra liberty that it means. But there is another less tangible reward. Like any housewife, a Marine cook likes to see his food eaten. "It gives you quite a feeling of satisfaction," said Blackledge, "when tired, hungry men sit down at a table to eat, and then leave the messhall with smiles on their faces."

At this writing, plans were in the making to give Camp Pendleton strikers a better break. As an added inducement to get more men in the culinary profession, and to assure them of better training, strikers will be shifted from job to job. This means they will spend several weeks with picked mess sergeants for beginners instruction and then will be transferred to the butcher and bake shops for more training. Capt. Quint feels that when this system gets underway new men will have a real opportunity to get into the type of work for which they are best qualified.

One of the mess sergeant's biggest headaches is to outguess the number of men going on liberty when estimating the quantities of food to prepare on daily menus. He must make allowance for weekends and paydays, or the number of men who will be sleeping in on Sunday mornings. If his estimate misses the galley might be stuck with heavy leftovers. Sgt. Blackledge usually figures on feeding approximately one-third of the command on holidays or weekends.

Another difficulty is to get Marines to eat vegetables. If the Sixth Marines can be considered typical of the whole Corps, the average Sea Soldier has a mammoth appetite for meat, potatoes and gravy, but he dislikes cabbage, turnips and broccoli.

Strange as it might seem, the hardest meals to prepare in the battalion mess are hot cakes and fried eggs. When 900 men are served daily, as in the



The new family-style mess lends a homey touch to the chow hall. Get a load of the chinaware and the draperies. In the old days, a mess was a mess

Sixth Marines mess, it is extremely difficult to find means to keep the eggs or hot cakes warm. And there is nothing more unpalatable than these two items when they are cold. Smaller messes, of course, evade this trouble.

The toughest men to please in any mess, according to Sgt. Blackledge, are the youngsters, new to the Corps, and the oldtimers almost ready for retirement. The new men immediately compare messhall chow with homecooking, and, in most cases, it can't compete. The oldtimers have reached the age when men begin to get finicky about their diets. Says Blackledge, "If I had my way, I'd like to feed only those Marines who have one or two cruises in, and a couple of years overseas during the war. They never complain."

To demonstrate the peculiarity of some Marines' tastes, Blackledge tells the story of a boot passing through the chow line who turned his nose up at everything on the menu but ice cream, and then asked the messcook to pour gravy over it. "I was curious," related the mess sergeant, "so I followed him to his table and watched him eat. I asked him if he wasn't from the Tennessee hill country. He was. He had been raised on a bread and gravy diet and, never having seen ice cream before, thought it was a slice of bread."

"That's the kind of stuff we have to contend with. The guy sitting next to him might have been brought up on caviar and borsch!" **END**



PFC Victor Von Brunow has evidently just acquired the title of "Regimental Chow Hound of the Sixth Marines" from the looks of Mess Sergeant Blackledge



Mechanized meat cutting in the camp's central butcher shop makes it easy for the cooks and reduces waste to a minimum

Normal daily production here is 7000 pounds; and all fat scraps are saved to replace lard and shortening in galleys

WAR DOGS

by Fairfax Downey

A comparison of American
and Jap canines
in training and in combat



Once a sentinel on Okinawa, this Doberman Pinscher is bored in detraining (the K-9 boot camp in reverse)

THE Japanese were dog-lovers, evidently. Americans stood by approvingly in 1939 and watched the Nips buying German Shepherd dogs right off the benches at dog shows. "Our little brown brothers love dogs," everyone said, happily.

Of course, the Japs were simply preparing for war.

The war dog is perhaps man's most ancient aid in battle. Through the centuries, dogs have fought beside soldiers armed with spears, maces, bows and arrows. In War II dogs became scouts and served as radar for our patrols on the jungle trails; and as messenger dogs replacing a radio gone dead in tropical downpours. A K-9 sentry alerted to sounds beyond the range of human ears. Among all the animals that have served man in warfare, the dog played the largest part in this war.

Early in the war, a report came in that Germany had transferred 25,000 war dogs to Japan. Other reports and rumors began to drift in. The Japs were using dogs in their China campaign; some had been present at the capture of Hongkong. Untrained but ferocious Jap dogs had attacked Australian commandos on Timor. The Mikado's canine contingents were said to be so specialized that only white dogs were used in the snow and black dogs for night work.

Actual encounters supplied more definite information.



Japanese dogs were in action against American infantry in the fighting on Biak Island during August and September, 1944. These animals were small mongrels, not vicious nor trained to attack. Now and then one or two of them would approach the line of American outposts, but the minute they discovered our troops, they turned tail and ran back. Presumably the Jap purpose was to locate our lines by noting the time and direction of their dogs' return, a scheme which was switched against them. American patrols promptly followed the dogs which led the way to their masters and so located the Japanese position for us.

Jap scout dogs were as likely to betray the Nip patrols as to alert them. Working off leash and about 50 yards ahead of the point, the dogs were sighted by Americans who thus learned Japs

were close at hand. Even when Jap dogs were not seen, they cost their masters the value of surprise because, unlike well-trained K9s, they were apt to bark at any time.

There were interesting differences in the Japanese recruiting and training of war dogs.

The dogs were purchased from civilian owners. Notices were sent out by the Army to kennels, fanciers, and other dog owners in a locality that dogs would be bought at a certain time and place—a Tokyo park, for instance. No pressure was put on owners to sell. The animals were tested by a civilian trainer, and if a dog passed, the trainer personally bought him, paying an average price of 60 yen (approximately \$16.00). The trainer then trained the animal as a war dog and resold him to the Army for about 250 yen.

In training, a detailed manual written by Karl Miller was followed, but trainers were Japanese; none were German. A military manual, "Gunken gunkyu gaku," published by the Army Veterinary School in 1940, deals with the care of both war dogs and pigeons, devoting 65 pages to the former. An indication that there was considerable interest in war dogs in Japan was the publication of three monthly magazines: *Gunyoken* (War Dogs), published by the Imperial War Dogs Association, and approved by the War Ministry; *Inu no kenkyu* (The Study of Dogs), which was principally devoted to war and police dogs, and *Shepherd* (the Journal of the Japan Shepherd-dog Society). These magazines continued to appear through 1943.

Dogs were from two to four years of age, with an average weight of 28 kilograms (about 62 pounds) and height of 60 cm. (about 23 inches). The three breeds most used were German Shepherds, Doberman Pinschers, and Airedales. Both males and females were taken but the latter, contrary to American practice, were preferred since they were more dependable. Feed included the entrails of pigs and cattle, fish, milk, eggs, greens and rice. Kennels were individual, and crates were used for shipment.



Marine Raiders with their scout and messenger dogs take off along a jungle trail on Bougainville toward the front lines. Americans used male dogs only



Dogs learned to attack at the War Dog Detachment Training School at Lejeune. Pvt. Alexander Boccardo in a padded "agitator" suit made them fighting mad

Each training camp turned out only 20 dogs every three months, but the supply was augmented by other dogs that had been privately trained in homes. Dogs were schooled as messengers, scouts, and sentries. A sentry dog theoretically was taught to attack one or two enemies approaching his handler's post, thus distracting them and enabling his master to fire on them without detection. The dog was not supposed to attack if there were

three or more in the enemy group.

Curiously, it was Japanese practice to shift a dog periodically to a new handler to prevent the canine from becoming a one-man dog.

"If you must be a dog, it's best to be the dog of a Samurai," runs a Japanese proverb.

But there were no more Samurai, and the chivalry which once had animated that ancient order of Japanese knight-hood clearly had vanished from a na-

tion guilty of the Nanking rapes, Pearl Harbor treachery, and the Bataan death march. Japanese war dogs were condemned to a dishonorable lot. American troops who encountered them found most of them to be miserable-appearing creatures, mangy and starved. Defects in training and the system of shifting masters contributed to the poor condition of the dogs and the generally poor showing they made.

In one field however, they were employed with partial success. It was a use to be expected of the fanatical people who developed the corps of Kamikaze suicide pilots.

In Burma an American battalion had been cut off and surrounded. It dug in and organized its defense. Along certain parts of its perimeter where it was impossible to place outposts, mines with trip wires were planted.

Those fortified points were spotted by the Nips. When they launched their attack, they sent a rush of dogs ahead. The dogs hit the trip wires, detonated the mines and blew themselves up, opening paths for their masters. The American battalion had considerable difficulty beating off the assault and fighting clear of encirclement. On Biak, Jap dogs were similarly used and American troops found many canine bodies in the vicinity of exploded mines and booby traps.

Japanese opinion of American war dogs adds to the laurels of the K-9 Corps. Jap (continued on page 59)

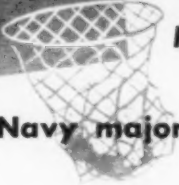


Debarking tactics for Devil Dogs. Coverall blouses were used to harness K-9s when landing from a rocking vessel



The rehabilitation process at Camp Lejeune prepared war dogs for any situation that might arise in civilian life

Quantico's ace ball-handler



Marine hoopsters battle to reach an All-Navy major sport tournament

final for the sixth straight time

CY WALDROP

Quantico's high-scoring pivot man



AT



HALFTIME

THE Marine Corps has a lot of basketball prestige to uphold this year, having run one-two in last season's All-Navy tournament at Jacksonville, Florida. You may recall that the Quantico team walked off with the championship and the "Jumpin' Jeeps" who made up the fast-breaking West Coast Marines outfit pulled in a very close second.

The West Coast Marines were an augmented team made up largely of players from MCRD-Sah Diego and El Toro, and were coached by the "Bull's" able mentor, Jim Tuma.

Observations at this mid-season date seem to indicate that the Corps is again going to have adequate representation when the pay-off play-offs roll around the week of March 20th, at Pearl Harbor, T. H.

All the teams are figured to be somewhat stronger this year because of the new "fifty per cent officer participation" rule. That will allow two officers in the line-up at the same time. Heretofore the allowance was limited to one.

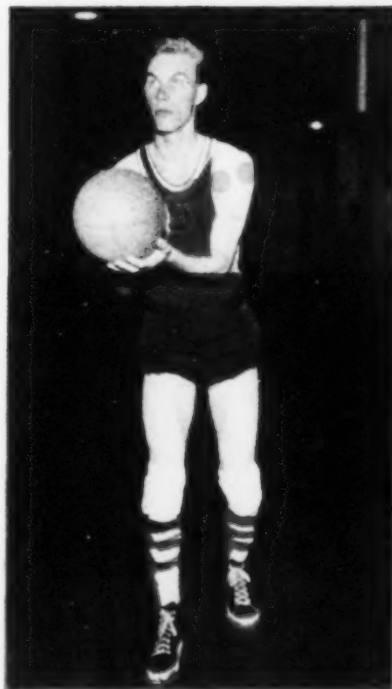
The San Diego MCRD squad got an early start, playing a few games in October, then copping the 10th Annual Armed Forces YMCA tournament in November. The Recruit Depot ag-

gregation took the tournament in five games, and a few days later jumped off to a good start in the 11th NavDist Southern Conference, which is operated on a first and second half basis. It is expected, on their showing to date, that they will not experience too much difficulty in emerging on the top rung again.

Topping the San Diego ball club is Wayne "Dutch" Hintz, one of the mainstays of last year's galloping quintet. Out of Oregon, Dutch has a lot of big time basketball under his belt and his long, one-handed shots are something to watch. This season he has a couple of high scoring helpers who will help ease the offensive load from his shoulders.

At the other forward post is long, lean Garvin "Hook" Filbert who, at last reports, was averaging around 20 points per game. Les Jones, alternating at guard and forward, has been rackin' 'em up regularly. The center duty is well cared for by Lute Schackelford while Jim McDowell, Keith James and Jim Malley round out this high scoring outfit.

Camp Pendleton had a rough time getting started, dropping too many of their early games. In the homestretch



WAYNE "DUTCH" HINTZ

Hub of San Diego's attack

AT HALFTIME (cont.)



GARRY "HOOK" FILBERT

San Diego's top point man

they may be able to salvage enough to make it a fairly successful season. The forwards are J. R. Boden, C. A. Taylor, E. D. Wallace and J. W. Smits. The latter also alternates at the center post with regular M. Sunjako. The guard jobs fall to S. E. Nesbit, the team high scorer to date, R. S. Waufle and E. C. Washington.

Co-coaches Jim Tuma and MSgt. John Sullivan of El Toro, at the helm for the second straight season, are faced with a rugged 40-game 11th Naval District schedule. In addition, there are numerous exhibition scuffles planned with leading college and independent quintets in the immediate area surrounding the Flying Bull's base.

The team, with the exception of one man, will be strictly a freshman outfit. TSgt. Bob Winkler, an El Toro cage luminary during the past two seasons, is the only returnee. His play-making ability at guard, along with his steady influence on the rest of the team, appears to be the Bull's strongest point. He is a former Marquette University player.

The high scorer, however, in most of the early games, was an unsung newcomer, slim forward Oran Webb who has maintained a fair bucket average per game.

Big Don Koch, a 6-foot, 2-inch center will carry the pivot load until Ralph McLeod, 6-foot, 4-inch end on the grid squad gets over his football bumps and

gets into shape for the hardwood season. That's all the height El Toro has, and in this day and age of basketball lack of it is a decided disadvantage. But, after seeing what Coach Tuma did with speed on the West Coast Marine team last year . . . maybe two tall boys can carry the load alone. So far the team doesn't measure up to some of the fine El Toro teams of the past few years . . . but don't sell them short.

Over on the East Coast, the defending champions, Quantico, again coached by Lieutenant Colonel Russ Honsowetz, is supposed to have some shucks of a team. They have a 50-game schedule which includes games with some of the leading collegiate teams in the East. They dropped their opening game to Long Island University 71-49. It was a good game with only five to seven points separating the teams until the last quarter, when LI's reserve strength ran the Devil Dogs out of gas. As it was, veteran Cy Waldrop was leading scorer of the game. The Devil Dogs jumped right back into the win column though, and have been more than holding their own. The rest of their college schedule includes, George Washington, William and Mary, V.P.I., Syracuse, Richmond, Davis and Elkins, the Citadel, Wayne, V.M.I., North Carolina State, Juniata and Niagara. This, plus the Middle Eastern Service Command and the Potomac River Naval Command leagues, should make quite a load to tote.

Jack Robbins, formerly of the Naval Academy, is a high scoring guard. Chuck Friesen from Greybull, Wyoming is big, rough and tough and a great defensive player. Jim Patrick, award winner for "high scoring season" in the Pacific Fleet, will get his share of buckets from either guard or forward. Don Conroy, formerly of El Toro, and veteran of last year's All-Navy Olympic basketball team at Annapolis, may see regular duty, depending on whether he can be spared from his school's duty.



JACK CASHEN

Cherry Point "Flyers" forward

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

ROLLIE KUBISKEY

Controls Lejeune's jump spot



Camp Lejeune has also come up with a rugged schedule in making preparations to qualify for the Pot o' Gold at the end of the All-Navy season. Their calendar calls for 44 games, some with leading Southern Conference colleges. The lads from eastern Carolina proved themselves worthy of serious consideration for the play-offs by showing up extremely well against the Wolfpack of North Carolina State in some early season scrimmages. The Lejeune attack is centered around guard Andy Anderson and Bob Coyle and A. T. Bishop, whose performances to date indicate that they have plenty of accuracy screwed to their sights. Their big center, Rollis Kubisky, seems at home in the pivot spot and taking the bounce off the boards. Art Shimulunas, a burly guard, handles





BOB FORD

Flyers leaping pivot man

himself well under the basket and is the team hustler.

Howie Westfall, who got a late start because of his football duties, now lends his 6-foot, 3-inches to the reserve spot at center. Others breaking into the scoring column regularly are Ralph Nofsinger at forward and Ed Kobza at guard. They will battle it out with Parris Island for sectional honors.

Cherry Point started the season with only two holdovers from the '47-'48 squad, but newcomers to the Point may give the club a lift during the latter part of the season after the club has completed its first half shakedown.

Coached by Lieutenant Oliver W. Curtis, who played guard on last year's club, the Pointers can boast of players with much experience. Lieutenant A. A. Graselli has played with the Phillips Oilers, one of the crack AAU teams of the country. Another man who has played college ball and may prove an asset to the Pointers is Major John H. King, Jr., formerly of Boston University. D. O. Minnick, back from Pearl

Harbor where he played on the Ewa team, has continued to show up well. Jack Cashen, the footballer, is still a bit slowed up from his recent tackle duties; but should be in good shape for the homestretch. He is one of the two who were left from last year; the other, W. J. Partin, is coming along well and adds strength to the reserves.

The brightest prospect among the newcomers is Bob Ford who seems to possess a natural basketball spark. So far he has demonstrated by his all around performance and court know-how that his recent regular starting role is justified.

Newcomer Norm Creviston, in his first season of service ball, has come along with every game, although previously having played only high school ball. By this time he probably has edged himself into a starting berth.

Their schedule includes home-to-home series with Quantico, Parris Island, Camp Lejeune, Fort Bragg and some of the smaller college teams in the area.

Parris Island, again coached by Lieutenant A. Primrose, is another team which is long on candidates, but short on experienced personnel. Using the famous Kentucky racehorse style of play, this young, tall and fast Marine quintet is expected to come out of the season with a better win-loss record than last year.

Their attack is built around Dick Merket, a 6'3" Massillon, Ohio lad. Merket played center for a fast semi-pro club back in the old hometown

after finishing out his high school career at St. John's.

Gerald C. Peter is the "old man" of the squad at 21 years. This seems to indicate that dear old PI is giving the youth movement a break. Pete is the one hand push-shot expert and since he measures only 5'7", his expert eye has become his chief weapon.

At the other forward post is another youngster, Jack E. Uhey, a 17-year old, 6'3" lad out of Danville, Illinois. He's the tireless type, always on the go and does most of his scoring while on the move. Another Danville lad is Joseph L. Krainock, a 6' guard. He's the sideline shot man, and his deep corner shots will probably rack up many a game for his club.

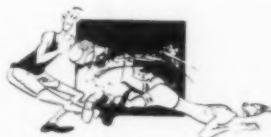
They had to jump over into Michigan to get their other guard, Ray E. Mills out of Lansing. His short height doesn't interfere with his ability to go high in the air, taking rebounds off the board.

Coach Primrose has a 48-game schedule, which includes most of the junior colleges and military installations in the general vicinity of Parris Island. A home-to-home series with Quantico and Camp Lejeune completes that schedule.

With Corps teams running one-two in All-Navy basketball last year; with two Marine teams in the '48 football play-offs, what's wrong with this year's casaba handlers running neck and neck down the homestretch again this season? We may as well take it while we can; there may be lean days ahead. **END**

ORAN WEBB

El Toro race horse and leading scorer



DICK MERKET

Parris Island 6' - 3" center



BOB WINKLER

Controls El Toro's play for third year



The Bridge to Elbowroom

Actual battle brought a problem never studied in Non-com's

School, but Ski solved it with some sound tactics

by Major Carl Hoffman

USMC

"The instruction given by leaders to their troops, by professors of military schools, by historical and tactical volumes, no matter how varied it may be, will never furnish a model that need only be reproduced in order to beat the enemy . . ."

—GENERAL VICTOR LOUIS
EMILIEN CORDONNIER

AT Non-commissioned Officers School, Platoon Sergeant Pernovski had learned a great amount of valuable information. He had also picked up several hackneyed answers which would solve (legend had it) any and all tactical problems. For example, if asked a very general question such as: "How should tanks be employed?" Ski knew the very general answer—"It depends on the situation and the terrain." This answer was

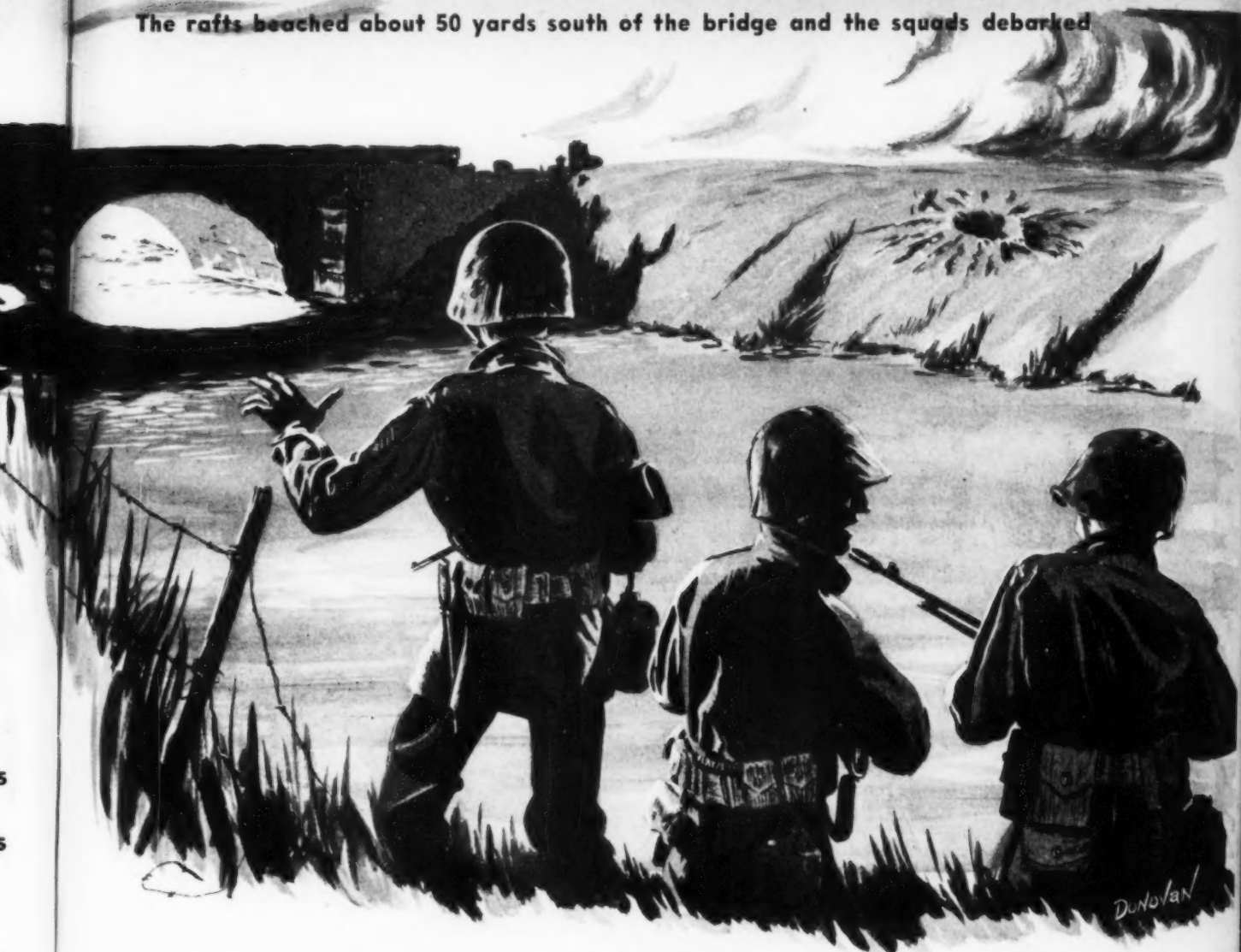
surefire; always in good taste, always correct, and always sure to grant at least a brief reprieve until a more specific question was posed. This answer, he had decided, was as magic to the military student as "ABRA-CADABRA" is to the magician.

Of course, you still have to know the trick—but these answers get you off on the right foot. For attack situations which called for a decision, it was always safe to "move by fire and maneuver, and hit 'em on the flank." This answer was not as easy as the first—you had to decide *which* flank. However, if there were woods on one flank, and none on the other, the decision was easy. And if there were no clues at all, you'd still be right 50 per cent of the time. Then for a decision requiring selection of formation, you'd hit it most of the time with: "Two up and one back." Ask a 64 dollar question, get a 64 dollar answer!

And yet, with all the joking about "two up and one back" and "hit 'em on the flank," Ski knew that those principles which he'd learned in school were O.K. They didn't provide you with a formula, or pattern, by which you could automatically arrive at *the* solution, but they did afford you a starting point from which common sense could take over. That was the very best a school could do: acquaint you with logical thought processes, give you practice in arriving at sound decisions, and teach you how to put these decisions into action. From there, you had to take it yourself! And it *did* "depend on the situation and the terrain."

No two tactical situations were exactly the same, so it was useless to grind your brain trying to remember what some leader in the past had done or what some school solution had been. These offered points of departure from

The rafts beached about 50 yards south of the bridge and the squads debarked



which practical application to the job at hand was required.

In school-posed tactical situations, one of the most important elements of the decision was made for you; namely, *when* should a decision be made? In action, you don't fight along until a gremlin confronts you with: "What are your actions and orders as platoon leader, 2nd Platoon, Company K?" It would be helpful if it worked that way, because then, one important element—*when* is a decision required—would be answered for you. Yes, Ski reflected it takes a lot of imagination, judiciously mixed with generous quantities of military "know how" to lead an outfit, whether its a squad or an army.

The school had never pictured an operation like this one. You couldn't even budge from your foxhole during the day without bringing enemy artillery or mortar fire crashing down upon you. Targets were so scarce dur-

ing the day that the enemy would snipe at individuals with 105-mm. Howitzers. Since attacking in the daytime was suicide, the campaign had resolved itself into a series of night attacks. About all you could do in the daytime, like today, was lie low and get all the rest you could. The use of woods for command posts and supply installations had long since been abandoned. These classic features, always so convenient for locating command posts in school map problems, were also convenient registration points for the enemys' artillery.

The regimental objective for tonight's attack was the village of **ELBOW-ROOM**. That wasn't the real name, of course, but then, no one could pronounce the real name anyway, so the code name would suffice. The village was composed of 20 to 30 stone or concrete buildings and many small wooden dwellings. Artillery and air

bombardment had leveled a great portion of the town, but the larger buildings had basements which were very much intact. These afforded the enemy excellent defensive positions. The village was protected on two sides by a river of sufficient depth and width to prohibit crossing except at the bridges. These bridges were believed to be wired for demolition, and security detachments were known to be positioned at each one. Obviously, the enemy wouldn't destroy his routes of supply unless it became absolutely necessary to do so. Furthermore, if withdrawal became imminent, the enemy would desperately need those bridges.

Tonight's attack would be the third attempt to seize **ELBOWROOM**. Monday night the village had been attacked from the west. In spite of a long, heavy preparation, fired by the artillery, the two attacking battalions had been stopped cold when heavy

barrages of enemy artillery fire had been massed on them. The enemy had their artillery zeroed in so that fire could be massed on any point in front of their half-moon shaped battle position. They also had a reserve which was able to move to any point along their line if reinforcement became necessary. Our tanks had been relatively ineffective because of a skillfully placed minefield which was covered by anti-tank weapons. It was a tough nut to crack!

TUESDAY night had been a failure, too. One battalion had hit the town from the west as on the previous night, and another battalion had attacked astride the main road from the north. This attack had the effect of dispersing the enemy's artillery fire somewhat, but the entire front was still solidly fenced with barbed-wire and after three attempts the attack faltered and stopped.

Tonight's plan was a dilly! It showed a complete disregard for the principle of simplicity. But what could the "old man" do? The Monday and Tuesday night attacks had been simple, but they had failed. This was the plan for tonight: The 3rd Battalion (less one platoon) was to attack at 2200 with three companies abreast and strike **ELBOWROOM** from the north. Artillery and tank support were to assist this attack which had been conceived principally as a diversion to hide the movements of the other two battalions. The 1st and 2nd Battalions were to cross to the east bank of the river, move to an assembly area, and await the signal to cross the East Bridge into **ELBOWROOM**.

Two footbridges were to be constructed by the engineers to facilitate the first crossing. The success of the entire attack, however, was to depend upon the seizure of the East Bridge. It was not reasonable to hope that this could be accomplished by a large body of troops without alerting the enemy into destroying the bridge, therefore, it was planned that the mission be assigned to one platoon. This platoon would move along the bank of the river, through the enemy lines while the attention of the enemy was focused on the diversionary attack. The plan then called for the platoon to overpower the security detachment which was protecting the bridge. Immediately, two amber star clusters were to be fired, signaling the 1st and 2nd Battalions to move rapidly across the bridge and into the town. Throughout this action, the 3rd Battalion (less one platoon) would be exerting strong pressure on

the enemy to divert his attention and if possible, to cause him to commit his reserve to the area of the diversion.

The bridge was the decisive element. If the bridge could be seized and held until the two battalions got there, the plan had a good chance for success.

When Ski had heard the company commander mention a *platoon* to seize the bridge, he had felt a bit uneasy. After all—it wasn't the type of mission a sane man would volunteer for. Anyway, Ski was a great believer in doing what he was told to do as well as he could, but never—repeat *never*—volunteer. He didn't get the opportunity; someone had volunteered for him. Well, it was his pigeon. How should he do it? Should he attempt to slip his platoon past the river flank by land, or should he make it a small amphibious move and attempt to float past the enemy lines? He remembered, "It all depends on the situation and the terrain!"

Ski decided to attempt to float past the enemy lines, using three improvised rafts—one for each squad. The intelligence officer had estimated that the enemy security detachment at East Bridge was about one squad. If he could slip down the river without being detected, he should be able to quickly overpower the enemy and seize the bridge. Prospects indicated a dark night. The moon would set early. Fine! The river was quite swift and flowing in the direction of the town; no paddles would be necessary. Two men

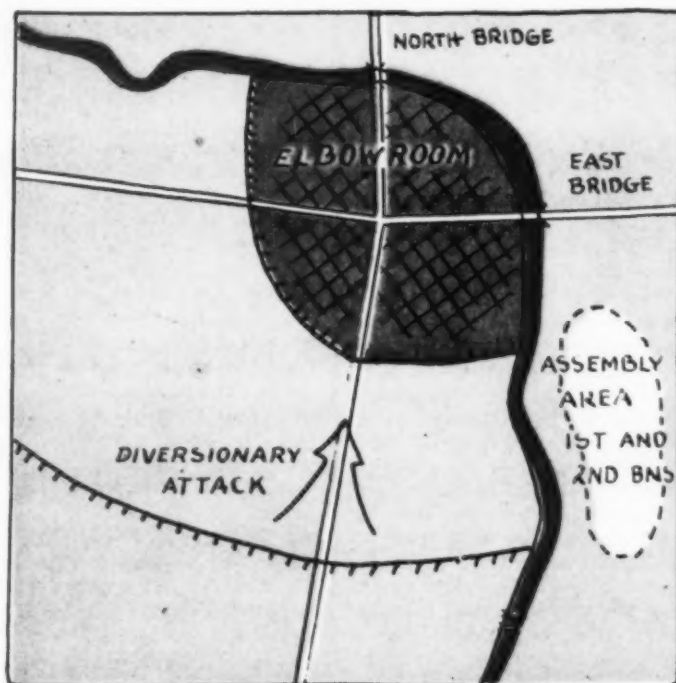
could guide each raft by means of poles. After discussing the plan with the squad leaders, Louie, the 1st Squad leader, had commented: "If this works out, they'll probably add a 'Gondola Platoon' to the T.O. of each battalion."

IT was 2155—five minutes and all hell would tear loose. Ski's platoon was ready to embark on their rafts at the first sound of the diversionary attack.

Then 2200—the attack was beginning! Ski hopped aboard the leading raft with the 1st Squad. They would float in column—1st, 2nd and 3rd Squads. The two enveloping battalions were already crossing the footbridges and starting to move toward their assembly areas.

As the raft reached the center of the stream, Ski looked back to observe the progress of the other two. He was glad to note that the silhouette was very low, almost merged with the water. Everyone was lying flat on the raft. Even from a distance of ten yards he could barely see the second raft; he couldn't see the third at all. Ski headed for the east bank where low foliage fringed the river.

Now they had reached the critical period. They were nearing a position abreast of the enemy positions. If they could just slip by . . . An illuminating shell exploded to their rear! Had they been seen? The rafts floated on—apparently they hadn't been observed. (continued on page 60)





WYMAN WINS—Chosen by Marines as "Outstanding Actress of 1948," Jane Wyman gets the word from Major Hendricks, Sgt. Bob Cuney, and Roberta Cuney

Our Allies

A flag-pole in center field humbled the proud AAF on Air Force Day.

The AAF had taken over a flag raising detail for a baseball game at Ferris Field, in Spokane, Wash. The Marine Recruiters had been raising colors for baseball games all summer—but, after all, it was Air Force Day . . .

An American Legion Band blasted out the National Anthem. The AAF color detail, very sharp, marched smartly to the flagpole. Ten minutes later, the red-faced AAF was still trying to free the halyard.

The embarrassed owner of the Spokane Ball Club at last called upon the Marines. They were prepared as usual. They relieved the AAF, the band played the anthem again, and the colors went up.

So far, no one has dared to mention the possibility of sabotage.

Rank Injustice

A private salutes a captain by the numbers and says: "Yessir." But Mrs. Anne B. Stark, 23, a former private in the Marine Corps WRs didn't like the idea. Her husband, Paul, had been a captain in the Army.

Anne didn't have to salute him, exactly, but after five months of marriage she felt that he was pulling his rank.

She had been a very pretty private. She had slightly red hair and an Irish temper to match. It went well with

the WR uniform she put on. She pinned on captain's bars, left her home in Brooklyn, N.Y., and flew down to Washington, D. C.

Later, the MPs picked her up at Bolling Field as she was trying to hitch a ride back to New York via an Army plane. No ID card. "Captain"

Stark had run out of money and luck at the same time. The FBI stepped in and presently the lovely Mrs. Stark stood before Judge Quinn of the Municipal Court. The charge: Illegal wearing of the uniform.

"Judge," she explained, "My husband has little regard for enlisted women. I did it to impress him . . ."

She drew a suspended \$50 fine.

What happens when a private gets in a jam? Right! Mrs. Stark was last seen boarding a New York bound train—going up to see the man!

TURN PAGE

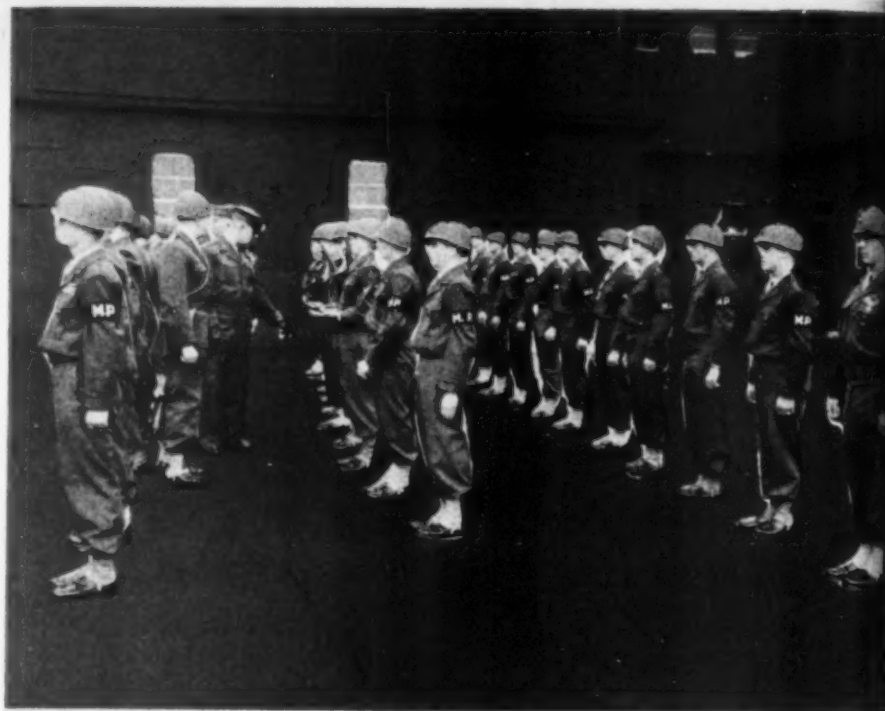


NAVY DAY—Curious citizens of Key West, Fla., especially the women, admire the famous Marine marching technique as the Corps leads the Navy Day parade

New Arctic Barracks

If Marines are ever called upon to do extended duty in the arctic region the chances are they will see the familiar quonset hut of the tropics replaced by a new type prefabricated unit recently developed by the Navy. It is designed to provide summer warmth in 65-degree-below-zero weather and can be erected by 12 trained men—wearing mittens in one hour and forty-five minutes.

This new hut is strong enough to withstand gales up to 150 miles per hour and will support 13 feet of snow on its roof. This winter, 16 Sea Bees will live in one of these new type barracks at Point Barrow, Alaska, to test it under actual arctic conditions.



GUARD—The guard platoon of Headquarters USMC has hung up a record for the fewest number of security violations of any government office in Washington, D. C. The men stand inspection for Lt. Col. W. M. Jackson at Henderson Hall

Roped In

Billy and Bobby Ridgeway, 17 year old twins of Pemberton, N. J., had a hot date to keep one morning. It was necessary that they pile out of the sack

at six A. M. They were the champion heavy sleepers of the neighborhood. Alarm clocks didn't phase them. Their mother was in the hospital, their father working, and their grandmother refused to tackle the job on the grounds that they were too hard to wake up. The Ridgeway boys made a deal with a neighbor.

"Just pull on anything hanging out the window," they told Dick Lippincott, Jr.

Next morning at 5:45, Dick on his way to work, saw an old piece of telephone cable dangling down from the twins' bedroom window. He jerked the cable without result. Then he hauled with might and main. Finally Billy Ridgeway with the cable lashed securely to his wrist was pulled halfway out the window. The morning air woke him.

The twins kept their date at the Marine Corps Recruiting office, signed up and by this time they've learned from PI DIs how to hit the deck on the double—even though the DI can't tell them apart.

* * *

Roped in likewise was Albert Otis Bush of Bangor, Me. All he has to do is sign his name in 1965.

Albert's father, Sgt. Williard Bush filled out Albert's application papers the day Albert was born.



BLUE BEACH—Men of the Second Marine Brigade, bundled in cold weather gear, land at Argentia, Newfoundland, pretending to attack an enemy-held air base. Maneuvers were the most extensive (and coldest) of their type since War II

Brower Beaten

A naval expedition shoved off from San Diego last July and headed North navigating by radar to hang up a baseball record that may never be equalled.

The purpose of the expedition was not baseball, entirely. There was a little matter of unloading some 40,000 tons of supplies at one of our Alaskan bases. With that chore out of the way the Marines and sailors of the good ship *Union* organized an all-star baseball team and issued a challenge to the



citizens of Point Barrow and neighboring areas.

Point Barrow is about as far North as one can get on American soil. The terrain is mostly ice, snow, and glacial plains leading up to the North Pole. The population of Point Barrow, including pet polar bears, was 28 at the last census.

But the Eskimos of the area rallied and accepted the Navy's challenge.

The Eskimo battery consisted of Brower and Brower. In the infield Brower was on first; Brower was on second; and at third base and short-stop were two more Browsers. The outfield was composed of Browsers. In the bullpen, sweating happily in the August heat (temperature 12° below freezing) more Browsers warmed up. (Abbot and Costello sure could have tossed that one around.)

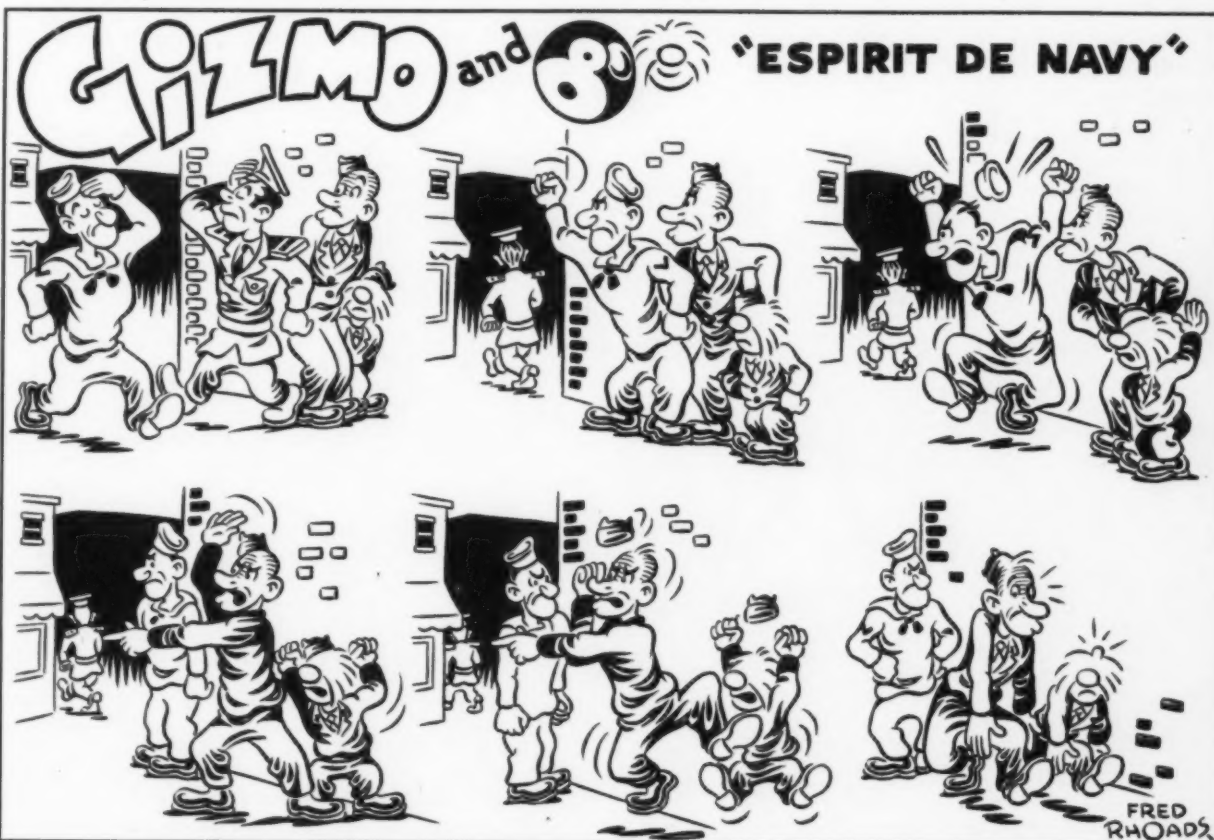
An American seaman was shipwrecked on Point Barrow, Alaska many years ago when a whaling vessel went down. The American's name was Brower. (By some strange coincidence many of the Eskimos in that area now bear that surname.)

The playing field was selected—a shoaled beach. The game was played at midnight and the outfielders, as usual, complained about the sun in their eyes. While the crew of the *Union* stamped their feet, developed icicles, and commented on the frosted ball-game, over 100 fur-lined Eskimos rooted for the Browsers and narrowly escaped heat prostration.

After a bitter nine-inning fight the Navy and the Marine Corps came through to win the top-of-the-World Series. Score: *Union*-1, Browsers-0.

TURN PAGE

COLISEUM—Famed landmark of Rome is visited by Marines. The guide is Father Cronin Cantlon of Jersey City





FLAME THROWN—Gracie Allen baked a birthday cake for the Marine Corps. She asked Sgt. Harold Walker for a light



DEAL—Sgt. Novak, PFCs Almore and Higgins flew to Saipan from Guam for a fast nine—courtesy of Special Services



MARKET ST.—San Francisco—pitching a week-long festival in honor of Gaspar de Portola (the joker who discovered

the harbor)—called on the Marines for help. Two bands and a platoon of the 12th Infantry Reserve Bn. responded



ADVANCE—The El Toro Marines advance on the line of fire to stop the worst brush fire ever to hit Southern California.

Flames roared 50 feet high, swept thousands of acres, and only the heroic action of Marines saved the El Toro base

El Toro Firemen

The El Toro Marines had a hot time of it on the Marine Corps Birthday. While other bases celebrated, cut cakes, and laid siege to the slop chutes, the El Toro Marines were fighting the biggest brush fire ever to hit Southern California.

The fire started on election day when a car trailer burst into flames. The owner pulled off to the side of the road, of course, and immediately the blaze swept into the tinder-dry brush lands. Professional fire-fighters, civilian volunteers, soldiers from March Field, and 500 Marines pitched in and man-

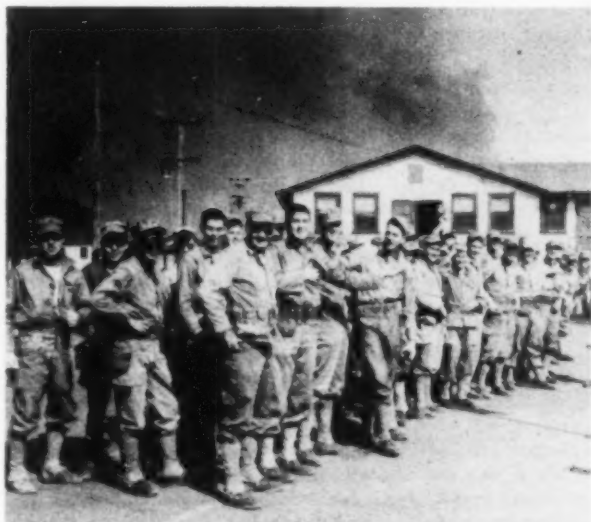
aged to bring the fire under control on Friday night, November 5th.

But the fire smouldered through the weekend, and on Monday morning a freak wind, a "Santano," blew up, fanned the flames along an 18-mile front, and the fire swept down upon the El Toro base. The Marines mobilized swiftly. Fire guards manned roof tops to put out flying embers. The gale prevented evacuation of planes from the air strip. The flames fed by the howling "Santano" and licking 50 feet high at times, roared to within 500 yards of El Toro's NAMAR housing area. The Marines armed with wet sandbags stood shoulder to shoulder

two hundred yards from their homes prepared to make a last ditch fight. But Marine bulldozers were on the front line. Bulldozer pilots drove recklessly into the flames, held the fire, turned its path and saved the base.

Dog-tired, bone-weary Marines finally rested after ten days of heroic action. They had saved property estimated in millions. The base had served as an evacuation center for civilians driven from their homes. All Orange County expressed gratitude for their efforts. Forty-five thousand acres of land had been burned out, but the Marines had done a whale of a good job.

END



RENDEZVOUS—After a well-earned rest the men are ready to tackle the blaze again. Smoke billows as fire nears base



RECALL—Dazed by exhaustion the firefighters group around the coffee can. After five days of siege, the fire died out

Know Your Leaders

by Sgt. Edward J. Evans

Leatherneck Staff Writer



MAJOR GENERAL FIELD HARRIS

THE dual command of Air FMF Atlantic and the Second Marine Air Wing at Cherry Point, North Carolina, has been entrusted to Major General Field Harris.

The general served recently as Assistant Commandant for Air, and Director of Aviation. In this capacity he supervised the postwar reorganization of Marine Corps air strength and led the move to revitalize the air reserve program, giving the Marines the finest ready reserve in the services. During World War II the general served with distinction as Chief of Staff, Marine Air Wings, Pacific; Commanding General, Forward Echelon, First Marine Air Wing; and as Director of Aviation in the latter stages of the war.

He entered aviation in 1927, ten years after he was commissioned a second lieutenant. After graduation from the Naval Academy in 1917, he served

aboard the USS *Nevada*; at Guantanamo, Cuba; Cavite; and the Philippine Islands. He returned Stateside in 1922, for a three-year tour in the office of the Judge Advocate General in Washington, D. C. At the termination of this duty he returned to sea in command of the Marine detachment aboard the USS *Wyoming*. In 1927 he attended a one year course at Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, and went to Pensacola, Florida, for flight training in August of that year.

The general's first aviation assignment after winning his wings was as Commanding Officer of Marine Aircraft Squadron, West Coast Expeditionary Forces, North Island, San Diego. This assignment was followed by a tour of

duty with Marine forces in Haiti, and aboard the carrier USS *Lexington*.

June, 1935, marked Gen. Harris' first duty in Aviation Section, Marine Corps Headquarters. After his graduation from the senior course at the Naval War College in May, 1939, he spent the following two years at Quantico and in Cuba. A new assignment in August, 1941, took him to Cairo, Egypt, as Assistant Naval Attache for Air.

Gen. Harris holds four awards of the Legion of Merit. He received the first award while serving as Chief of Staff to Commander of Aircraft on Guadalcanal; the second as Commander of Air Northern Solomons, 1943; the third at Green Island, 1944; and the fourth as Director of Aviation.

END

WAILING WALL

[continued from page 20]

French designer's goody-goody book.

I didn't know who was paying Tyson's bills, but the kind of stuff she was wearing runs into heavy dough—I know!

Maybe I would have worked up a good case against Tyson, but Bill's door opened and the latest pumped-up client went purring out into the Maker's sunshine.

"Next," said Bill.

I MADE a mental note to remind him not to sound so much like he was running a barber shop.

Tyson came out from behind the magazine and Bill looked at her. His eyes got wide, and the pet eyebrow did a stepped-up version of the Saber Dance.

Brother, when nature cracks down on a couple of people she slings the book in their teeth!

Tyson got up and stood looking at Bill. They stood there for so long I wondered if I should throw on a record so they could dance.

I cleared my throat. Something had to be done, and I seemed to be the only one not afflicted with complete paralysis. "I think Mr. Conneston will see you, now . . ."

Tyson floated into Bill's office. Bill fell over his feet trying to pin her down to the most comfortable chair. Then he remembered that he hadn't closed the door. He hurried back to shut it and got his coat hung up in the latch. It was all pretty gruesome!

Then I heard their voices, but I couldn't hear their words. It made me mad. A show like this and they had turned down the volume control!

I didn't get cheated, though. I opened a window and pretty soon Bill's door blew open just as I'd hoped it would.

They were an eyeful, all right! They were standing by the desk very close to each other. I don't think they'd have paid any attention if a rocket ship had zoomed through Bill's office.

He had his hand under her chin. "You look like a dream boat, honey," he said, "and maybe the guy's scared of you. Try melting a little . . ."

I watched with my eyes bugging. This was on a par with Gable and Garbo! Tyson swayed, and I waited breathlessly for her to melt. I saw she was beginning to, and then she pulled back. "You see," said Bill triumphantly, "you foul up at the last minute! Let's try again . . ."

I got up and closed the door. I closed

the window, too. I had seen enough.

"What a way to make a living!" I said to nobody in particular. "Only Bill Conneston could have dreamed up this one! And she's *paying* him!"

When Tyson left, the substance of Bill left with her. I found myself dealing with a zombie. He walked around picking things up and putting them down somewhere else. When he started to walk off with the telephone, I called a halt.

"What are you planning to do with that . . . drown it in the men's powder room?"

"Oh," he said, "guess I'm in sort of



a fog."

"Bill," I said softly. "I don't want to seem too personal, but what were you coaching her for . . . a part in 'Love From a Stranger'?"

"I don't get it," he said slowly. "Any guy who could rate a dish like that, and then louse up the act . . ."

"What's the little lady's problem?" I asked. "She doesn't look like she'd had a sour minute in all her life!"

"She's got a guy," Bill said slowly. "He's a fishing hound. Lives for rods and trick flies. It's old stuff, their going around together. But she's having a tough time trying to outshine the pretty gimcracks he has in his tackle box."

"The guy must be nuts," I said. "What's this character's name?"

"Gerald," Bill said, sifting the name between his teeth. "Gerald C. Spillwell . . . the Gerald C. Spillwell!"

"Oh," I said, "you mean the one that's always in the papers leering at a dead fish hanging up by the neck?"

"That's the boy! Little Angel Puss thinks she's taken a tumble for him. The only trouble is . . . she isn't a fish . . ."

"I suppose she's well oiled with the mazoola to fight back with . . ."

"No," Bill said. "She runs a pantie shop for kids. She's a smart cookie,

except for falling for a cluck like this fish mauler."

"Well, Bill," I said. "After all, the Tyson dame is just another wailer. I'm sure you can iron her out."

"Yeah," he said. "I guess you're right."

Bill wasn't much good around the office for the next few days. Then Tyson phoned. Bill had just finished an appointment. He rushed at his phone, like he was afraid it would sprint away from him. "Sure," he said, "sure! I'll be right over!"

He jammed his hat on backwards and headed for the outer door. "Angel

Puss wants to see me," he jabbered. "Gotta go over to her shop!"

"Why can't she come here?" I asked. "You giving curb service these days?"

It was two in the P.M. "What about the next wailer?"

"Wring her, and hang her out to dry!" Bill yelled, halfway down the stairs. "I won't be gone long . . ."

"Brother," I said, "you *are* gone!" But he didn't hear me.

The next few wailers went home looking very sad. I guess I gave out with the right angle. They all looked like they were ready for a good bawling jag when I got through with them. I explained how Bill had rushed away to help a pitiful scrap of a girl who was being done wrong by a wolf. I got so overcome by my story that I used up all the corners of my handkerchief.

I hope heaven makes plenty of allowance for secretaries and receptionists!

Bill didn't show the rest of the day. I closed shop at five, and went home.

THE NEXT morning Bill looked like he had swallowed a cage-full of canaries. "Well," I said. "What gives?"

"I took her out," he said. "We put the feed bag on at the Wharf. Then we lammed around to a number of choice

WAILING WALL (cont.)

dives. She dances like cream running down a pitcher!" He rolled his eyes. "You know what I mean?"

"Yeah," I said. "What did you have for dinner?"

"Fish," he said.

"What did you talk about?"

"Gerald C. Spillwell . . . and FISH," he said less gently.

"Well, I'll have to hand it to you. You sure take your job seriously. How long do you figure it will take to break Spillwell to the idea of the marriage harness?"

"Well, I dunno. You can't take a guy's toys away from him and keep him happy. So the pitch is this . . . Angel Puss has to concentrate on him, so she can edge between him and the fish. That gal was never meant to play second fiddle to a catfish."

"Bill," I said, "why don't you wise up? Tyson's got you tied in knots. Could you ever look straight at yourself again while shaving if you tossed her in the lap of this fish monger?"

Bill blinked. "Yeah," he said, "that's an angle. Say," he said wonderingly, "you don't suppose I'm taking a dive for her myself?"

"You big dumb cluck!" I yelled. "You better go in your office and hash this thing out!"

Bill went, looking dazed.

The next afternoon Tyson's voice came at me again over the phone. "Bill in?" she asked, her voice trilling like a bird in its bath.

I put Bill on the wire. But before I could hang up I heard the kid's pantie seller say, "It worked! Bill, it worked!"

Bill's voice sounded like it was carrying a ton of coal on its back. "That's swell," he said. "Just swell!"

He hung up the receiver. I heard a book crash against the wall. His voice carried to me. "Now ain't I just the cutest little fixer! Ain't I just!"

He came out of his office, and stood facing me. "We can write Tyson off the books," he said. "I put it over for her. The fish king has just slipped a sparkler on the third digit of her left mitt! I guess that winds up that!"

He stamped back into his office and slammed the door. I began chewing the red paint off my pencil. I heard Bill tramping around his office like he was on the drill field. I heard him uncork a bottle. I figured he planned to get stinko. I was sure there was a better way to handle things, but I didn't know what it was.

Charlie and I invited him to the house the next night for dinner. We fed him good, and we gave him lots of scotch, but he wouldn't rally 'round.

"I was a dope," he kept saying. "I should have figured she was my dish

the minute I slapped my peepers on her. But not me! I had to go and feed her to the fish!"

There wasn't much Charlie and I could do. We figured it would just have to wear off. But it didn't, and the next couple of days were pretty rough.

About the third day Bill was in such bad shape I wanted to bawl everytime I looked at him. Did you ever see a swell guy get a caved-in look? Well, that was the way Bill looked, and it made me sick all over.

Then, when I thought I couldn't stand it another minute, the outer door was whipped open and Tyson came streaking through it. That golden hair of hers was flying around her shoulders, and on her it looked plenty good! Her blue eyes looked frostier than a refrigerator with a week's growth of ice.

She had a newspaper clutched in her hand, and she was mad! She was mad all the way through. Bill's door stood open, and he was sopping up the last trickle from a bottle of scotch.

Tyson didn't even look at me. She landed in front of Bill like she was taking a beachhead. "Look at that!" she moaned. "Look at that picture!"

Bill looked. Then he started to laugh. He called me in to look, and he kept right on laughing! I picked up the paper. There was Tyson and Spillwell on the front page with a fish hanging stiff and cold between them. The fish looked very melancholy. So did Tyson. The caption read: "Prominent Angler Will Wed!"

Tyson burst into tears. "What's so funny?" she wailed. It's horrible! He even announces our engagement with a fish!"

Bill got up from his desk. He could move mighty fast when he wanted to. He grabbed Tyson, and his fingers gripped her shoulders. "I'll tell you why it's so funny," he said, and his voice got a soft blurry sound that sent shivers down my back. "Spillwell and that fish will make a very nice couple. She will probably carry a bouquet of water cress. But you, little Angel Puss, have hooked a fish of your own. *Melt*, baby! You'll never have to share me with a bunch of, fish scales!"

Tyson's eyes got very wide. "Oh, Bill . . ." she said. "Bill . . . I . . ."

I got out fast. I closed the door behind me. I reached for the phone. Then I put a call through to Charlie.

"Charlie," I said dreamily, "did you remember to put the meat loaf in the oven?"

"Oh . . . the meat loaf," he said vaguely. "I knew there was something I was supposed to do. Will Bill be coming for chow?"

"No," I said. "It looks like Bill has cooked up a very tasty dish of his own . . ."

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

IT WAS ON THE COVER

Sirs:

After reading the November issue of *Leatherneck*, I have a gripe which should be looked into and something done about it. November is the month that the whole Marine Corps is proud of and should be remembered as the month our service was founded.

It is pretty poor when something cannot be found to advertise the anniversary of the founding of the United States Marine Corps in its own magazine.

Important dates, etc., should be realized by the Staff of *Leatherneck* and an oversight by the Editor is not excusable as far as I can see.

MSgt. Warren J. Robison
Auburn, Me.

● Our November issue has always carried a birthday cover. This year we thought an illustration of *Tun Tavern* would be a pretty good reminder of the Marine Corps' anniversary. All Marines are taught the history of the Corps which includes all of the salient facts, and ALL Marines should recognize the connection between a *Tun Tavern* cover and the Corps' birthday. The January *Leatherneck* contained pictures of birthday celebrations held at various posts.—Ed.

"MARINES CARRY ON"

Sirs:

A lieutenant and I have been having quite a little discussion about the picture on page 4 of the August *Leatherneck*, titled "The Marines Carry On."

He says that the sergeant on the right is now a captain in the First Provisional Marine Brigade, stationed at Guam. He may be right there, but he also claims the picture was taken in Washington, D. C., in 1941. But the men in the picture are wearing the new blues which came out in 1946. When I mentioned this fact to him, he said that they probably just touched up the picture to bring it up to date.

Is the lieutenant right or wrong?

Corp. M. L. Ott
Guam, M. I.

● The picture in question was taken in April 1948 at the Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye Streets, Washington, D. C. The man on the right is Sergeant Edwin M. Krintz. All of these men were stationed at the Marine Barracks.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 58)

Old Gold thanks

The Journal of the
American Medical Association

for cracking down on “cure claims” in cigarette ads

Old Gold has been saying it a long, long time . . .

A good cigarette is a treat . . . not a treatment.

And there's no place in a cigarette ad for medical mumbo-jumbo.

Now comes the highly respected JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION to take up a similar cudgel. In a forthright and widely quoted editorial, it cites evidence that most physicians themselves smoke cigarettes. But it spans the ad-makers who ballyhoo “cure claims” in cigarette ads, or who tie their claims to the coattails of doctors.

To some smokers under the spell of these claims . . . maybe Old Gold's bid for new friends seems tame. Old Gold promises no remedy . . . merely smoking pleasure. But a lot of folks seem to like this approach. They

are pushing Old Gold sales up, up, up . . . month after month.

With this public encouragement . . . we shall keep on reminding smokers that Old Gold cures just one thing . . . the world's best tobacco. And has but one aim—to give you a more enjoyable smoke, the product of nearly 200 years of tobacco “know-how.”

Yes, to the editors of the JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION . . . and to smokers everywhere . . . we shall continue to say—



If you want a **TREAT**
instead of a **TREATMENT**
...smoke
Old Golds

GABARDINE SLACKS

- Sizes 27 thru 42
- Talon zipper fly
- 13½-in. Gabardine
- Deep pleats
- Continuous waist band

Made by California's Largest
Manufacturer of Fine Slacks

\$12.95

*Post paid anywhere in the world—
for wear anywhere in the world!*

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE: If you are
not completely satisfied, return before
wearing and your money will be refunded.

- Due to postal regulations, money order
must be sent with all orders outside the
continental limits of the U.S.A.
- Amt. of check _____ or M. O. _____ C.O.D. _____
- Drk. Gray ☐ Dark Brn. ☐ Med. Blue ☐
- Light Grey ☐ Lt. Green ☐ Teal Blue ☐
- Med. Brn. ☐ Drk. Green ☐ Tan ☐
- Size of waist _____ Length _____
- PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
- NAME _____
- ADDRESS _____
- CITY _____
- ZONE _____ STATE _____

Broadway clothiers

SECOND AVENUE AT BROADWAY
SAN DIEGO 12, CALIFORNIA

LEATHERNECK STATIONERY

Cleverly de-
signed letter-
heads and envelopes for
Marines. Eight different
letterhead designs in
each box with

illustrations of
Marines and cur-
vacious gals on
40 sheets. Also
24 designed en-
velopes. Send
Only \$1 per box.
We pay postage
anywhere.



**MONEY BACK IF NOT
MORE THAN SATISFIED**

SPARLAND STATIONERY

Dept. M, 603 Flynn Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa

Marines Tell Us...



"Bulletin Board"

alone is worth the

small cost of

LEATHERNECK. A

regular feature in

YOUR Magazine.

**SUBSCRIBE
TODAY**

FOOTBALL

[continued from page 16]

Another returnee is big, ambling, de-
ceptive Joe Bartos, high scorer for the
second straight year with Quantico.
Now up to 210 pounds and just as fast
as ever, Big Joe has run up TDs for
86 points on the tout board. In 13
games he carried 81 times for 741
yards, and averaged 9.1 yards per
carry. He had eight punt returns for
139 yards, and four kick-off returns for
87 yards. He caught 19 passes for 425
yards, a 22.4 yard average. On de-
fense he intercepted two passes for 48
yards.

After two years of observing the
next back, we have come to the con-
clusion that our backfield would not
be complete without him. He is Gene
Moore, one of those unsung lads, often
overlooked by the fans; but not by
teammates, observers and students of
the game. For he's the lad who springs
'em loose on those long runs. The guy
who helps the linemen open larger
holes, the lad that people don't see
cut down that incoming end or de-
fensive back. When coaches smile be-
cause of a long Bartos or Quinlan run,
it's usually because a guy like Moore
has cut down the last obstacle in the
runner's path. At fullback, he's also
the lad they call on when they want
those two, three or four "sure" yards.
Moore packed only 180 pounds, not too
much for a bullying back, but he knows
how to use it.

In the DesPac game he was injured
and carried from the field two times.
The second trip was to the hospital
for x-rays; they thought his back was
broken. When no really serious in-
juries were found, he was taped up, and
returned in time to play the last quar-
ter. It was his inspired play that
brought victory instead of defeat. Hey,
Nevers, Britton, Nagurski and Blan-
chard, move over and let Moore sit
down for awhile.

The second team backfield has Par-
ris Island's Bob Picton at the QB slot.
One of the few 50 to 60 minute men to
operate in any backfield, Picton carried
his heavy chores well. An able signal
caller, a good passer and kicker, he was
lucky to finish the season in one piece.
It would be nice to see him operate
behind a big line.

It was a shame to have to pass over
Claude "Big" Hipps from Camp Le-
jeune. He was, and is, a fine runner;
shifty and with a good change of pace;
a standout all year. He's about Quin-
lan's size and runs somewhat the same.
He can also pass well when called

upon. Hipps is one of the few backs
the writer has seen that can run to his
left almost as well as to his right.

Dick Ambrogi of Quantico was an-
other high scoring back that was hard
to pass over. He was second to Bar-
tos in scoring, with ten touchdowns and
had a 6.8 yard average per carry. A
sprinter on the track team, Ambrogi
runs with the typical knee high sprint-
er's take-off and is hard to bring down
in the open.

Joe Sabol, out of Camp Pendleton's
backfield is another Moore type player,
so much so that Bull Trometter aug-
mented his play-off team with him.
The bullying type, he's actually best on
defense. He loves to slam-bang into
the line in the backer-upper position.
Only 173 pounds, he handles it with
abandon; opposing players will tell you
he weighs a ton.



There were a number of other good
backs who had to be passed over . . .
but as in any other all-star selection,
it's usually the high scoring men who
cash in. There were big Dick Stein
and Leo Moody of Camp Lejeune. Be-
sides being a good running and plung-
ing back, Stein was an exceptionally
fine kicker. Moody will develop into
another Hipps, perhaps in only one
more season.

Then there were Johnny Huzvar and
Lenny Aloy and Bob Kaiser of Parris
Island. And we must mention Tom
Shepherd of Cherry Point, little scooter
George Greco, Ray Schuett and Joe
Tamillo of Quantico.

Then there is a great halfback who
was out most of the season with a
bad ankle, which was finally broken in
late-season practice. We refer to Al
"Hoagy" Carmichael, El Toro's out-
standing halfback. Had it not been for
his half-season play he, no doubt,
would have qualified for a first string
position.

There it is . . . we think it's a mighty
fine ball club. **END**

DEMON II

[continued from page 29]

scheduled to come ashore and place the strip in operation. During the remainder of the "campaign" the group was to operate its planes in cooperation with the division, as the offensive was expanded.

The first phase of the problem for MAG-12 involved the sinking of an old transport, *Crittenden*, a veteran of the Bikini atom bomb tests. At the same time Navy planes were to polish off the submarine *Skate*, another Bikini radioactive victim, which had turned in a fine record in World War II. It had accounted for 178,000 tons of Jap shipping.

The night before the strike, pilots gathered in the ready room for a briefing by Col. Schlappkohl. The fliers were told to aim for the larger compartments aft and forward and not at the closely compartmented space amidships.

The colonel cautioned pilots against overconfidence, pointing out the job would be difficult unless a change in the weather occurred. He warned the men not to linger around the impact area: "I don't want to lose one plane or pilot at the expense of sinking an old radioactive transport," he said.

MAG-12 officers were confident they could put the battered, old transport out of its misery, provided they got a break on the weather. "The Navy has given us plenty of armament for the job," said Group Intelligence Officer Captain John F. Bolt. "We'll take care of the rest."

He might not have felt so certain if he had known that the next day was to be overcast and cloudy, with the ceiling less than a 1000 feet. Pilots gathered in the ready room in the morning, but it was 1500 before they took off.

But the murky weather was too much of a handicap. The writer saw two rockets slam in amidships and one pilot claimed to have scored a hit with his "Tiny Tim," a 1200-pound rocket. Some of the Marines' misses were hundreds of yards off the target. Only about half the group had tossed their armament when the high command called off the strike. By that time a small blaze had been started in the superstructure, but the *Crittenden* was still riding high in the water. Destroyers were called in to finish the job.

A glum and disappointed group of men returned to the carrier and gathered in the ready room. Word had come in that the Navy pilots had failed to sink the *Skate*, but that didn't make anyone feel better.

But like everyone else after a good night's sleep and a hearty breakfast, the fliers were in higher spirits the next morning. A change in weather proved a decided tonic as the pilots shifted to their G-suits preparatory to hitting San Clemente, Phase II of the operation. The familiar ready room banter was again in evidence. Said one as he strapped on his Mae West: "We'll redeem ourselves today, men, we're gonna sink San Clemente Island."

And they almost did. "Tiny Tim" and "Holy Moses" rockets streaked from the deadly Corsairs, burying themselves in the rolling hills of the foot-shaped island, blasting specific targets with uncanny accuracy. Napalm fire bombs were dropped along with tons of high explosives. Thick clouds of dust and smoke mushroomed over the target area. No one seemed to miss. Before the half-way mark was reached, Pyramid Cove, site of the landing, was practically obscured from the vision of troops rendezvousing in their landing craft. If MAG-12 had failed on the previous day, it made up for it at Clemente. It was a thrilling demonstration of what air power could do—and what it had done to save the lives of thousands of rifle-toting Marines during World War II.

A heavy, pea-soup fog caused a 24-hour delay in the final phase of the operation, the landing at Aliso Beach. First Division troops were kept impotent offshore as the dense fog bank obliterated the whole area, and MAG-12 fliers spent the day in the ready room unable to take off.

The next day, before several thousand excited spectators seated at one end of the landing beach, and 450 officers from the Army's Command and Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Phase III began. Unlike San Clemente, MAG-12's bombing of the Aliso area was simulated. Pendleton engineers had set controlled demolitions along the beach and further inland. As the planes dove on the targets, the charges were exploded. It's convincing, but as one pilot remarked: "You just can't miss under such circumstances."

Wave after wave of Marines hit the beach on schedule and by 1100 it was declared secured.

The group returned to the *Boxer* where their planes were refueled for the hop back to El Toro. Before they took off, the captain of the carrier, Steadman Teller, complimented them over a loudspeaker: "Your performance the last two weeks was excellent, and in keeping with the usual high standards set by this group."

As their tribute to the *Boxer*, the group formed a perfect "B" as a parting gesture, when they circled the carrier for the last time.

END

ZIRCONS

Loose, 1st quality. Pure white. Special: 3 Zircons approximate total weight 3-4 kts. \$6.40. We can supply Zircons in all sizes and mountings of all types. Send order or write for details today.

B. LOWE

Dept. LN Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

**YOU CAN
LEARN TO
DEFEND
YOURSELF**



By the late

Colonel A. J. D. Biddle

Price \$1.00

(Use order form on Page 64)



Save THIRD!
Genuine High Quality Dress
GABARDINE Trousers

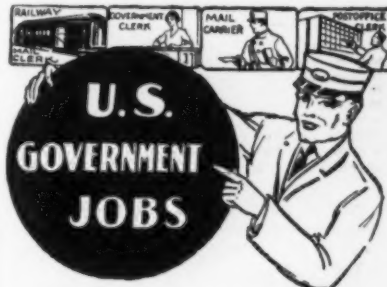
Best genuine virgin wool and fine-spun rayon blended. Ywill weave resists wrinkles, holds crease, gives amazing wear. Expert fashion tailored for perfect fit. Zipper front. Heavy pockets. Blue, Tan, Sand, Lt. or Dk. Brown, Blue-Gray. WAIST: 28-38 pleated or 28-30 plain.

7⁹⁵
\$12.50

SEND ONLY \$1 with name, waist size, 1st and 2d color selection. Pay postman balance plus C.O.D. Or, send entire amount, save C.O.D. Money back within 10 days if not pleased.

LINCOLN TAILORS, Dept. L-2 Lincoln, Nebr.

FREE
Write for sample of material.



**START AS HIGH
AS \$3,351.00 YEAR**

Many Early Examinations Expected. Prepare NOW! Veterans Get Special Preference! 40-Page Civil Service Book FREE Mail Coupon Today SURE

Franklin Institute
Dept. K66

Rochester 4, N. Y.

(Not Government Controlled)

Gentlemen: Rush to me, FREE of charge, list of U. S. government big pay jobs. Send FREE 40-page book describing salaries, vacations, hours, work, etc. Tell me how to qualify for one of these jobs.

Name
Address Vet?

*Insignia and Equipment
of Quality*



always identifiable by
the H-H eagle trademark



More Marine Corps officers wear
insignia bearing the H-H trade-
mark than all others combined.
There must be good reasons for this
overwhelming preference.

On sale at licensed dealers; post ex-
change and ship service stores only

HILBORN - WAMBERGER, INC.
12 East 58th Street - New York 28, N. Y.

ORDERING TO:
U. S. ARMY - U. S. NAVY - U. S. AIR FORCE - U. S. MARINE CORPS



I. GOLDBERG & CO.

Outfitters to Marines for 26 Years

• Complete Stock
of Uniforms, Caps
and Accessories

Write for FREE Catalog

429 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA 6, PA.

Learn FINGERPRINTING
AND
IDENTIFICATION

**IN YOUR OWN HOME
IN YOUR SPARE TIME**

Specialty prepared correspondence course
make it easy to learn this fascinating study
essential in the field of CRIME DETECTION.

Under the Private Correspondence
School Law of Penn-
sylvania, Licensed by
the Dept. of Public
Instruction.

**PENNA. INSTITUTE
OF CRIMINOLOGY**

Dr. W. Nisnon Brenner, Director
DEPT NO. 23
Extension Division
135 So. 2nd Street
Philadelphia 6, Pa.

**FREE
Booklet
On Request**

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 54]

SMALL GREEN ISLAND

Sirs:

Recently a couple of the fellows and I were discussing the origin of names, and the talk gradually drifted around to Tsingtao, China, where all four of us have pulled a little duty. One of the men wondered what the name meant and after much speculation, we finally decided to write to Sound Off.

If you can't answer us, perhaps you could ask some of the people who read the column to help.

Al Greene

Oceanside, Calif.

• *That one had us stumped for quite some time. However, a book at the Congressional Library supplied the following information. "The City of Tsingtao takes its name from a small island lying in the entrance of Kiaochow Bay, just off shore of the mainland. The name means a small green island."*—Ed.

TIME AS COMMANDANT

Sirs:

In an earlier issue you told a reader which Commandant had served longest at the head of the Marine Corps. Now I wonder if you will also tell me who the first and second Commandants were, how long they served in that office and how long MajGen. John A. Lejeune and MajGen. Wendell C. Neville were Commandant of the Corps. I served under both of the latter officers.

Mark Johnston

Brooklyn, N. Y.

• *The first and second Commandants were Major Samuel Nicholas, 1775 to 1778, and Lieutenant Colonel William Ward Burrows, 1798 to 1804. Major General John A. Lejeune, the 13th Commandant, served from 1920 to 1929. His successor Major General Wendell C. Neville held that position from 1929 to 1930.*—Ed.

WANTS M-1 RIFLE

Sirs:

Being a former Marine I would like information about renting or buying an M-1 rifle. Can you tell me if any are available and where I might get them?

Would also like to hear from buddies who served in "I" Company, Twenty-Eighth Marines.

Orville W. Olson

Dovray, Minn.

• *No M-1 rifles are available, neither for sale nor rent.*—Ed.



Mrs. Lena Jordan, 603 Dunlap St., Paris, Tenn., to correspond with all servicemen's mothers, wives or sweethearts.

* * *

Ex-Sgt. William J. Stafford, 230 Grevilla St., Ontario, Calif., to hear from George D. Flood, Jr., last known to be a major with the Third Division on Guam.

* * *

Mark Hovat, Jr., 52 North Main St., Helper, Utah, to hear from Kenneth Young, formerly in Able Battery, 4th Special Weapons Battalion, Fourth Division—or any others who might remember him.

* * *

Thomas L. Kirk, #19 Maury Hills, Charlottesville, Va., to contact Pvt. Jimmy Lowe, whose last known address was 2nd Recruit Battalion, Parris Island.

* * *

TSgt. John C. Hayward, SDRS, USMC., Room 211, PO Bldg., New Castle, Pa., to locate MSgt. Lewis E. Powell and MSgt. James E. Johnson, who served with him during the war.

* * *

Elva A. Kuester, Route #1, Randolph, Minn., to contact Pvt. Stephen Decker, formerly with the 3rd Trng. Bn., Inf. Trg. Regt., Co. B., Camp Pendleton, and present address unknown.

* * *

Raymond Therit, RFD #2, Hanover, Pa., concerning the whereabouts of a friend, Delco Smith, last address Company L, Twenty-third Marines, Fourth Division.

* * *

Tony Muscarella, 227 N. Beaudry Ave., Los Angeles 12, Calif., to hear from Henry Young, wounded on Iwo Jima, while serving with Company G, 25th Marines, Fourth Division, and later sent to a hospital in Baltimore, Md. Home believed to be in Birmingham, Ala.

* * *

Corp. D. C. Akemann, 1818 Underwood Ave., Wauwatosa 13, Wis., to hear from Gordon Hook. Last believed to have been in Argentina, Newfoundland.

* * *

Ex-Sgt. David E. Harstrom, USMCR, 724 Lowell St., Dallas 14, Texas, to hear from an old buddy, Corp. Merton "Hank" Hendricks, who served with him in the States and later with the 2nd MAW on Okinawa.

* * *

Miss Helen Marcon, 617 Parkview Ave., Avalon, Pgh. 2, Pa., to hear from any of the old gang at Area #5 PX, or WR Bks. #60 at Camp Lejeune, who were there from November, 1943, to November, 1945.

END

WAR DOGS

[continued from page 40]

soldiers regarded our dogs as a menace in themselves and as bad news because of the fighting patrol bound to be close behind.

"Duke," a Marine messenger dog, and his two handlers were attached to the 2nd Battalion, Twenty-eighth Regiment, on Okinawa. During the heaviest fighting, Duke carried an average of two messages a day between the battalion command post and regimental headquarters. His route ran for three-quarters of a mile through Jap-infiltrated territory. Invariably when Duke got back he was scarred up from fights with Jap dogs.

"But," the Marine report finishes proudly, "he got through."

The K-9 Corps paid a high price—more than 25 per cent of its full strength. Battle losses were far exceeded by deaths from disease and by humane destruction to prevent suffering. Innoculations against distemper and rabies had been effective, but such scourges as filaria (heartworm) took heavy toll. Post-war research is under way to find means to control it. Unfortunately, the splendid medical achievement of War II, the first great conflict in history where battle deaths of troops exceeded deaths from disease, failed to cover war dogs.

The K-9 Corps is still on the active list, a minor but useful component of the Army of the United States. However, peacetime has brought a drastic reduction. The K-9 Corps has been cut down from thousands of dogs to a few score.

The Army Dog Association, a civilian group, has launched, in conjunction with the War Department, a long-range program for breeding and training military dogs. Using a system similar to the one used by the Government to improve horse and mule stock, brood bitches have been imported from Germany and turned over to qualified civilians for breeding. Boy Scouts among others are raising the pups and beginning their training. Half of a litter goes to the breeders as compensation, and the Government will pay raisers up to \$150 for each acceptable dog. This program held up by post-war uncertainties, has not gone far beyond the blue-print stage but the plans are practical.

The retention of the K-9 Corps is incontrovertible evidence that American war dogs measured up—had undergone trial by combat and withstood its testing—had met the real need for sentry and scout duty. **END**

10K GOLD U.S.M.C. RINGS

Set with a precious synthetic cut-faceted stone.

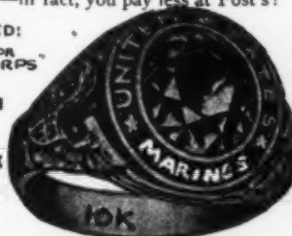
Finest, genuine synthetic blood-red ruby or royal-blue sapphire.

Post has always given you genuine, synthetic stones, and will continue to do so, at the low price of \$22.50.

Not only do you get a genuine synthetic ruby or sapphire, but also a brilliant facet-cut. Common sense tells you that it costs more to cut those facets than to give you a simple, round stone. But there is no increase in price—in fact, you pay less at Post's!

RINGS INSCRIBED:
"U.S. MARINES" OR
"U.S. MARINE CORPS"

Sold with a
30-day
money back
guarantee



PLEASE STATE CHOICE
OF INSCRIPTION AND
STONE WHEN ORDERING.

\$22.50
Cash
or
\$7.50 Down
\$4 Monthly

3 INITIALS ENGRAVED FREE—IF DESIRED

Yes, men, Post is really proud to bring you these outstanding Service Rings. Handsome, rugged rings of gleaming 10K gold, expertly and carefully engraved with the emblem of your branch of service. And these massive rings are set with a genuine, synthetic Ruby or Sapphire! A product of Science that rivals Nature! Just wait till your buddies see that smart, masculine ring. You'll be glad that you bought at Post. And this isn't just "sales talk," men. Post stands behind its products. You sir! If at any time within 30 days you should change your mind about this fine Service Ring—why, just drop it in the mail box, and Post will refund your money cheerfully. We really mean it when we say, "It pays to buy at Post Jewelers."

Price includes Tax

No Extra Charge for Credit



427 Flatbush Ext., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

How to Determine Ring Size.

Cut a strip of paper about a quarter of an inch wide and cut where ends meet snugly around your finger. Send this strip, together with your down-payment.

Send for Our Free 32 Page Catalog.



"I'M LOOKING FOR A BALD HEADED GUY
WITH A MOUSTACHE--HES MY EX-SARG"



FORWARD!

LOUD and crisp the command floats across the drill field. Precision-trained Marines alert themselves and smartly execute the command on order.

FORWARD IN LIFE is a command all Marines must snap off to themselves. Advancement is the reward of increased knowledge and the ability to handle men. To handle others a man must first develop himself.

THE Marine Corps Institute has offered programs of self-development for over a quarter of a century. During that time it has helped thousands of men climb the success ladder. MCI can help you. The curriculum of 203 especially designed self-study courses include almost every field of interest—high school, college, business, trade, hobby subjects.

OPPORTUNITY and determination is the difference between leaders and followers. Leaders are men of force and action; they make decisions while mediocre men stand bewildered at life's crossroads.

YOU have a decision NOW. You can step off smartly to the future that lies ahead if you are willing to devote a portion of your spare time to MCI studies. Convert your decision into action—complete the application below.

----- A 103

PLEASE ENROLL ME IN _____ NAME OF COURSE

FROM _____

(RANK) (FIRST NAME) (LAST NAME) (SERIAL NO.)

(ORGANIZATION) (U.S.M.C. ADDRESS)

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

M.B. 8th & EYE STS., S.E.,
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

NAVY NO. 128, F.P.O.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ELBOWROOM

[continued from page 46]

Chicken, the platoon runner, muttered: "Wish I had my fishing tackle." No one laughed.

The diversionary attack was doing its job all right. All that damn noise . . . Sounded like a movie version of a battle. Thank God for the 3rd Battalion!

Past the enemy positions now . . . Ski strained his eyes for a glimpse of the bridge . . . must be getting close. The faint outline of the bridge loomed ahead in the darkness . . . Only 150 yards away. Ski directed his polemen to try for the west bank.

The rafts beached about 50 yards south of the bridge and the squads debarked. All hands stretched cramped muscles and the move toward the bridge began. Ski planned to move as close as possible before commencing the assault. If the enemy were warned, he'd demolish the bridge and the plan would fail.

Forty yards . . . can't the enemy hear my heart beating? Twenty-five yards . . . someone tripped and fell with a crash. Only one thing to do now . . .

"Let's go!"

The tension was broken; the assault began.

The enemy put up a lively defense but the surprise was complete. The bridge was quickly seized. Whoever was supposed to blow up the bridge had failed in his job; it was still intact. Ski fired the two amber star clusters and established a hasty defense around the bridge. The crazy scheme had worked!

The two battalions had commenced movement toward the bridge at the first sound of Ski's assault and when they saw the two star clusters they had moved rapidly to the bridge and crossed it. By morning ELBOWROOM had fallen.

Ski was happy. The "old man" had personally congratulated the platoon and had said some nice things to Ski about "bravery, imagination, etc." The plan had certainly been a departure from the school and training problems in which Ski had participated. Nothing stereotyped or formalized about that solution!

If he had had an easy name to spell, like Smith or Jones, the adjutant wouldn't have called to check the spelling—and Platoon Sergeant Pzrnovski wouldn't have known that his citation was being prepared.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 58]

RICKSHA INVENTOR

Sirs:

While I was reading the Chicago *Sun-Times*, I ran across the following article, "The ricksha used in the Orient today was invented by U.S. Marine Jonathan Goble." I am wondering if this article is true, or not.

I am willing to bet this man was an officer and needed a way for officers to travel, beside walking.

Chester L. Price, Jr.
Chicago, Ill.

● Jonathan Goble is credited with this invention. Inazo Nitobe, a Japanese historian writes: "To an American is due most probably an invention for which many Japanese may be temporarily thankful. The idea of an enlarged perambulator was suggested by Mr. Goble. His thoughts materialized in the so-called 'man-power-carriage,' the jinricksha, first used in 1867-68."

Goble was enlisted in the Marine Corps on December 22, 1851, and went to Japan with Commodore Perry in 1853-54. He was discharged from the Marine Corps on May 8, 1855, as an enlisted man. A religious calling brought him back to Japan as a missionary.

The present rickshas and Sanloor, peddycabs and motor cabs in China today are an outgrowth of his invention.—Ed.

A LINE ON ROPES

Sirs:

The question has come up, is there such a thing as a bell-rope aboard a ship?

I have a big argument with an ex-sailor who says there are no ropes aboard a ship, that they are all lines. I agree with him, but always thought there was one rope—the bell-rope.

A. O. Erickson

Lee, Ill.

● We have often heard the cord which is used to strike the ship's bell referred to as the "bell rope." On page 333, chapter 15, of the *Bluejackets Manual* there appears: "Rope—a stout cord made of wire or fiber braided or twisted together;" and, "Hawser—a large size rope either wire or fiber..."—Ed.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified Advertising rates—\$1.35 per line. Minimum two lines.

Copy for March issue must be in Leatherneck offices by January 15.

Publisher reserves the right to reject any copy not considered suitable for publication in the *Leatherneck*.

ART

SET of eight prints of outstanding war paintings by Marine Combat Artists. Each reproduction 12 1/2" x 17", full color, suitable for framing. Lithographed. Heavy stock. \$2.00 per set. Write The LEATHERNECK Magazine, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

BOOKS

HAND-TO-HAND fighting as taught by a recognized master. DO OR DIE, by Colonel A. J. D. Biddle. \$1.00, from The LEATHERNECK Bookshop, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

INSIGNIAS

SHOULDER PATCHES—10 Different Marine Shoulder Patches (our selection) mailed promptly on receipt of only \$1.00. Complete patch catalog free with order. Insignia Mart, 763 E. Broadway, New York 3, N.Y.

PATENTS

INVENTORS—Patent laws encourage the development of inventions. Write for further particulars as to patent protection and procedure and "Invention Record" form at once. No obligation. McMORROW, REIDMAN & DAVIDSON, Registered Patent Attorneys, 366 B Victor Building, Washington 1, D. C.

PHOTOGRAPHS

ENLARGEMENTS: 5x7—15c, 8x10—25c, glossy or dull Oil Colored 50c extra. Negatives made—50c. Roll film developed and printed—25c. Write for list of Services. L & R, Box 1470H, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

RECORDS

OFFICIAL sound recordings of Marines in battle now available on 12-inch, double-faced, unbreakable records. Two Jims, Quan, Okinawa, Saipan, Guadalcanal, Namur, Peleliu. \$3.00 per record (plus COD charges if any). Order from Combat Recordings, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

HOBBYCRAFT

WE have many fine books for hobbyists, including volumes on carpentry and woodworking, metalworking, electricity, leathercraft, jewelry making, plastics, shellcraft. Write for list. The LEATHERNECK Bookshop, Box 1918, Washington 13, D. C.

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS

MARINES: Subscribe to your own magazine. Substantial saving over single copy price. Get The LEATHERNECK every month. Don't miss an issue!

CHANGED YOUR ADDRESS LATELY? If you subscribe to LEATHERNECK don't forget to notify us when you move. Give both old and new address.

SPORTS

ARCHERY EQUIPMENT • BOWS • ARROWS • ACCESSORIES. "The Most Complete Line in the World." Catalog 50c. GASSMAN'S, 1924 Fredricksburg Road, Dept. 1, San Antonio, Texas.

TOBACCO & PIPES

MAKE smoking pipes, briar blocks and stems. Send for circular. Nicholson & Sternberg, 23 West 47th Street, New York 19.

RARE COINS

JAP INVASION NOTES, supposed for invasion of U. S. 1c to \$1,000.00. Set Nine \$2.00. Large coin catalogue 25c. N. Shultz, Salt Lake 9, Utah.

World's FINEST U.S.M.C. Rings

Trade Marked — GUARANTEED FOR LIFE!

FINE SYNTHETIC RUBY

10K Solid Gold Hand-made and Finished

\$5.00 DOWN 5 Months to Pay

SENT ON APPROVAL

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Now—I'm making it EASIER than EVER for you to own one of my Trade-marked rings! Send me only \$5.00 and your ring size. I'll send the ring with WRITTEN LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE!

Then COMPARE—if you agree it's the finest U.S.M.C. ring and greatest VALUE ever offered... send me \$5.00 four following paydays—and one payment of \$4.75—total \$29.75.

OTHERWISE—return ring and I send your \$5.00 back pronto. Fair enough? You'll say so! Send for your ring now!

Also AVAILABLE FOR U. S. M. C. RESERVE

C. M. BRADBURY President
SERVING THE SERVICE SINCE 1918
**186 JORALEMON ST.
BROOKLYN 2, N. Y.**

NEW "TRADE MARKED" MARINE CORPS RING
MRT. 107: The masculine "heft" — fine modeling — faithful detail and master craftsmanship of this ring are in keeping with the high traditions of the Marine Corps and make it a ring you will be proud to wear a life-time. 10K Solid Gold, set with finest quality SYNTHETIC RUBY—UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR LIFE.

\$29.75

Send for Brad's Blue Book FREE
Most beautiful jewelry catalog ever! KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS—NATIONALLY FAMOUS WATCHES—SILVERWARE—GIFTS etc. on CONVENIENT TERMS IF DESIRED. Your Credit's O.K. at BRAD'S—on your word.



HATCHER'S BOOK OF THE GARAND. By Major General Julian S. Hatcher, USA (Ret'd). Infantry Journal Press, Washington, D. C. \$6.00

THIS book, if it could have been written several years ago, would have immeasurably hastened the general acceptance of the M-1 rifle by the rank and file of the services. It would have prevented many arguments and formed a solid basis of understanding for the capabilities of this revolutionary semi-automatic service rifle.

The author takes the reader back to the beginning of the search for an acceptable semi-automatic shoulder weapon. Each new development is noted, along with the successes, failures and difficulties which were experienced in providing a weapon suitable for the Army. In practically every instance official reports are quoted by the author to show why trial weapons were accepted or rejected, and the testing board's recommendations for improvement.

The Book of the Garand, suitable for either experts or beginners, contains more information than any similar book printed. One chapter, devoted to sights, notes the many difficulties experienced with them, and the latest improvements in the sights of the M-1. Proof by Gen. Hatcher that the M-1 sights are superior to those of the long-time favorite, the M1903 Springfield will come as a shock to most shooters. The results of the Marine Corps Rifle Matches at Quantico are quoted frequently in proving that the M-1 is definitely coming into its own as a target rifle.

The long standing controversy, especially in the Marine Corps,—the Garand vs. the Johnson—is reviewed in a chapter devoted to the testing of weapons by the Marine Corps. The report of the Corps Testing Board explodes some of the scuttlebutt often heard in connection with the selection of the Garand over the Johnson. The results of similar tests by the Army, according to

Gen. Hatcher's quotations from official reports, completely justify the selection of the M-1 as the standard service rifle.

The book contains five chapters devoted to the operation, function, care and cleaning, malfunctions and stoppages, and the disassembly of the M-1. With the exception of the inventor, John C. Garand, Hatcher is probably the outstanding authority on the M-1.

A chapter on the M-1 in World War II points out the fact that while it took Guadalcanal to convince the Marine Corps that the M-1 was superior to the '03, it was quick to adopt the weapon and help to prove its capabilities, even to the most skeptical. The last chapter is devoted to the M-1 as a match rifle, and furnishes evidence that the Marine Corps rifle matches at Quantico during 1946, '47 and '48 have refuted many arguments that the M-1 could never compare with the Springfield. —H.J.P.

THE BIG NINE. By Howard Roberts. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00

THIS is the story of football in the Western Conference, the fabulous Big Ten, and admittedly, year in and year out, the toughest football "league" in the country.

Howard Roberts, the Chicago *Daily News* sports writer, who did such a grand job on "The Chicago Bears" (also in the Putnam's Sports Series) was well qualified for this authoring job. He attended Northwestern University, one of the foremost of the Big Nine Schools, and since 1928 when he began his sports writing career in Chicago, has practically lived in the press coops of the various conferences stadia.

The story begins back in the early 1880s, 15 years before the conference was officially born, and takes the reader through the 1947 season. The history of the sport at each of the schools is complete; there is a complete record of the standings from 1896 to the present, and all the famous names, coaches and players are fully covered.

What group of coaches in the same era, in the same conference, have contributed more to football than Chicago's "Grand Old Man", Amos Alonzo Stagg; Michigan's Fielding "Hurry-up Yost; Minnesota's Doctor Henry L. "Doc" Williams; Illinois' Bob "Dot Dutchman" Zuppke and Ohio State's Dr. John Wilce? There are the so-called latter day coaching additions, Bernie Bierman, Minnesota's "Silver Fox" and Clark Shaughnessy, the second and last of Chicago's coaches. It's no wonder the Western Conference had teams over the years who could make opponents cringe in fear by merely donning a headgear.

Then there are detailed accounts of many family feuds, the "Little Brown Jug" battle between Michigan and Minnesota; the "Old Oaken Bucket" wing-ding annually staged by Purdue and Indiana, and the Illinois-Chicago grudge matches in the days when the "Maroons" were a power to be reckoned with. In recent years Illinois and Northwestern and Minnesota and Northwestern have staged fierce non-trophy feuds that have sent rooters home mumbling to themselves.

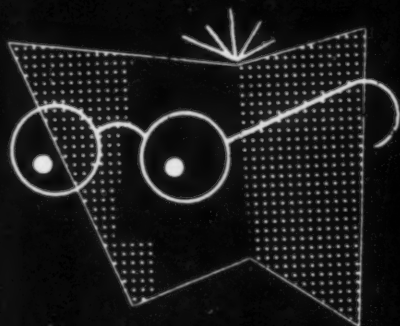
The famous player recounts begin with feats of Walter Eckersall, Hugo Bezdek (who later coached the 1918 Rose Bowl representatives, the famed Mare Island Marines), Wally Steffen, Willy Heston, Sig Harris, Johnny McGovern in the early 1900s. Then the book carries on to the exploits of Bierman, Wyman and Baston of Minnesota's Giants of the North; Illinois' Halas and Sternaman and the Fletcher brothers and Ohio State's "Chick" Harley and "Pete" Stinchcomb.

The writing is not reserved strictly for Big Nine alumni. Die-hards of the Ivy League and the Pacific Coast Conference, the Southern Conference will enjoy reading it, and perhaps have a better understanding of the Big Nine traditions, plus the prideful manner in which they plan intersectional contests. There may even be some converts from the subway alumni.

It's a must for the sports section of your book shelf. —S.D.G.

LEATHERNECK

Book Shop



BRIDE OF FORTUNE

By Harnett T. Kane

Novel based on the life of the "Queen of a Lost Cause"—Mrs. Jefferson Davis. \$2.75



UNCONQUERED

By Neil Swanson

Reading at its best. Now only \$1.49



ROANOKE HUNDRED

By Inglis Fletcher

High romance and adventure of the 16th. Century. \$3.50



CRUSADE IN EUROPE

By Dwight D. Eisenhower

"A personal account of World War II." \$5.00



GRIDIRON GRENADIERS

By Tim Cochrane

The story of West Point's football team from 1890. \$3.50



THE PLAGUE AND I

By Betty MacDonald

Author's view of a fight for life in a tuberculosis sanatorium. \$2.75



THE SEA CHASE

By Andrew Geer

A modern tale of the sea. \$3.00



LARKS IN THE POPCORN

Latest H. Allen Smith humor novel. \$2.50



CATALINA

By W. Somerset Maugham

Another hit by the author of "Of Human Bondage." \$3.00



THE INCONVENIENT BRIDE

By James M. Fox

Mystery novel of a missing husband. \$2.00



Have You Read...

ABOUT MARINES

A HISTORY OF THE U. S. MARINE CORPS	
Thru World War I.....	\$ 5.00
A RIBBON AND A STAR	
Third Marines at Bougainville.....	\$ 2.75
BETIO BEACHHEAD	
Story of a battle.....	\$ 2.50
BOOT	
Personal diary.....	\$ 2.50
CORAL COMES HIGH	
Invasion of Peleliu.....	\$ 2.00
DEVILBIRDS	
Marine Corps aviation in World War II.....	\$ 4.00
HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION	
Unit History.....	\$ 5.00
JOE FOSS: FLYING MARINE	
Story of the Flying Circus.....	\$ 2.50
HIT THE BEACH	
Pictorial record.....	\$ 4.95
MARINE FROM VIRGINIA	
Personal letters.....	\$ 2.50
ON TO WESTWARD	
War in the Central Pacific.....	\$ 3.00
PELELIU LANDING	
Artist conception.....	\$ 2.00
SEMPER FIDELIS	
Stories on war.....	\$ 3.50
THE ASSAULT	
Battle for Iwo.....	\$ 2.50
THE FOURTH MARINE DIVISION IN WORLD WAR II	
Unit history.....	\$ 5.00
THE ISLAND WAR	
Entire Pacific war.....	\$ 5.00
THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL	
Experiences of the Third Marine Division.....	\$ 3.00
THE MARINE CORPS READER	
Short Stories of the Corps.....	\$ 1.00
THE MARINES' WAR	
History of World War II.....	\$ 5.00
THE NINTH MARINES	
Unit history.....	\$ 5.00
THE THIRD MARINE DIVISION	
Unit history.....	\$ 5.00
THE U.S. MARINES ON IWO JIMA	\$ 3.50
UNCOMMON VALOR	
Brief history of each division.....	\$ 3.00
THE STORY OF WAKE ISLAND	\$ 1.75
YOUR MARINE CORPS IN WORLD WAR II	
Leatherette cover.....	\$ 4.50

TRAINING AIDS

DO OR DIE	\$ 1.00
GUIDEBOOK FOR MARINES	\$ 1.00
MODERN JUDO (set)	\$ 6.00
JIU JITSU	\$ 1.50
HATCHER'S NOTEBOOK	\$ 6.00
BOOK OF THE GARAND	\$ 6.00
DRILL AND COMMAND	\$ 1.00
NEW DRILL REGULATIONS	\$ 1.50
SMALL ARMS OF THE WORLD	\$ 6.00
MACHINE GUNNER'S HANDBOOK	\$ 0.50
MASTERING THE PISTOL AND REVOLVER	\$ 2.50
MASTERING THE RIFLE	\$ 2.50
MAP READING FOR THE SOLDIER	\$ 1.00
THE NONCOM'S GUIDE	\$ 2.00
THE OFFICER'S GUIDE	\$ 3.50
HOW TO SHOOT A RIFLE	\$ 1.75

HOBBYCRAFT

THE MODEL AIRCRAFT HANDBOOK	\$ 2.50
SHIP MODEL BUILDING	\$ 3.00
AIRPLANE MODEL BUILDING	\$ 3.00
HOME MAINTENANCE HANDBOOK	\$ 4.50
GENERAL LEATHERCRAFT	\$ 1.50
GENERAL PLASTICS	\$ 1.50

MILITARY HISTORY

LANDING OPERATIONS	\$ 7.50
WAR AS I KNEW IT	\$ 3.75
PATTON AND HIS THIRD ARMY	\$ 3.50
BATTLE STATIONS	\$ 3.95
ADMIRAL HALSEY'S STORY	\$ 4.00
AMERICAN SEAPOWERS SINCE 1775	\$ 5.00
HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II	\$ 5.50
BORN TO FIGHT	\$ 2.00

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS:

Select titles desired from this page and others throughout the magazine. Please use order form provided. All books are postpaid. If you desire a book which is not listed, add it to your order. We are prepared to ship any book now in print. Prices subject to change without notice.

SPORTS

ARMY vs NOTRE DAME	\$ 3.00
SALT WATER FISHING TACKLE	\$ 6.00
THE CARD WIZARD	\$ 2.00
BASKETBALL ILLUSTRATED	\$ 1.50
BOWLING FOR ALL	\$ 1.50
EASTERN UPLAND SHOOTING	\$ 5.00

GOOD READING

STAR REPORTERS	\$ 3.00
FOREVER AMBER	\$ 1.49
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS	\$ 1.00
THE WORLD'S BEST JOKES	\$ 1.00
I CAPTURE THE CASTLE	\$ 3.00
THE HUSBAND WHO RAN AWAY	\$ 3.00
THE YOUNG LIONS	\$ 3.95
RIVER TO WEST	\$ 3.00
THE FURIES	\$ 3.00
MURDER IS SERVED	\$ 2.50
TESTIMONY BY SILENCE	\$ 2.00
BEST CARTOONS OF THE YEAR 1948	\$ 2.50
THE LINCOLN PAPERS	\$10.00
THE JUNGLE BOOKS	\$ 5.00
ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS	\$ 6.00
BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF 1948	\$ 2.50

ORDER FORM

TO: LEATHERNECK BOOKSHOP, P.O. BOX 1918, WASHINGTON 13, D.C.

FROM: _____

GENTLEMEN: ENCLOSED FIND \$_____, PLEASE SHIP THE BOOKS LISTED BELOW TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS:

BOOK TITLES:	PRICE:
_____	\$ _____
_____	\$ _____
_____	\$ _____
_____	\$ _____

(IF ADDITIONAL SPACE IS NEEDED, PLEASE USE PERSONAL STATIONERY. SORRY, NO C.O.D. ORDERS CAN BE FILLED)



HELENA CARTER



A *Always* B *Buy* C CHESTERFIELD

Always milder Better tasting Cooler smoking

"In my home,
guests always insist on
Chesterfields
because they're so MILD"

Joan Fontaine
CO-STARRING WITH JAMES STEWART
IN

"YOU GOTTA STAY HAPPY"

A WILLIAM DOZIER PRESENTATION
A KAMFART PRODUCTION
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE



MAKE **YOURS** THE MILDER CIGARETTE



Chesterfield buys the best sweet, MILD cigarette tobacco. I have been a steady Chesterfield smoker for over 30 years.

Van W Daniel

FARMER, RUFFIN, N.C.

(FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS)

